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WHAT CAUSED MR. HOOVER to change front so suddenly on debts and reparations? As we have stated elsewhere we do not know, but a letter from Berlin from a most distinguished economist throws some light upon the matter. It is addressed to the editor of *The Nation* under date of June 18, and runs as follows:

> Conditions in Germany have become catastrophic to a degree that not you, my English friends, nor I could in the slightest degree have forecast when you were still here. Germany's convalescence or her collapse into economic chaos depends now upon whether it will be possible to achieve free trade, or at the very least the removal of the most important tariffs on raw materials, in the face of the desperate and diabolically clever resistance of the heavy industrialists on the Rhine and in the Ruhr, and the great agriculturists in our eastern provinces. Only in this way will it be possible to bring about a reduction of prices and, through the reduction of prices of raw materials, a decrease in the tremendous unemployment. In all the Berlin central banks, and in the center of the government itself, the barometer points to storm. One must expect the worst every day, for Brüning's latest emergency decrees, with their dreadful effects upon the widest groups in our population, are bringing about the radicalization of the remaining sober elements in our communities at an incredible speed. The economists of the world have a great responsibility. They must in this last hour fight with all the means that they can possibly lay hands upon.

ON JUNE 28 the people of Spain confirmed the action of the April revolutionists in overthrowing the monarchy by electing a parliament that will be overwhelmingly republican. Thus, in a sense, former King Alfonso has had an answer to his appeal to the people to vote him back into power. In his decree of abdication he announced: "I am waiting to learn the real expression of the collective opinion of my people . . . and am only suspending the exercise of the royal power." However, very few candidates openly in favor of a restoration entered the election lists, and in consequence the voters actually were called upon to choose between moderate and extreme republicanism. The moderates making up the present Socialist-Republican Coalition Government won a majority of the seats, and there is every reason to believe that this group will now carry forward its very sensible program of reform. It must nevertheless be noted that as the moderate group inclines to the left rather than to the right, there is little probability of any compromise with Rome on the church question, or with the former ruling class on the question of its retaining or regaining any of its ancient privileges. Only one major problem was aggravated instead of simplified by the elections, and that has to do with the separatist movement in Catalonia. The separatist candidates won heavily against those who wished to see a strongly centralized government established in Madrid. The Socialist-Republican coalition is opposed to autonomy for Catalonia, but it will now probably have to modify its position lest suppression of the separatist movement lead to an upheaval that would have drastic consequences.

UNDER THE PRESSURE of economic necessity Europe is moving toward lower tariffs. Germany and Rumania are the latest countries to enter into an arrangement for the reciprocal reduction of import duties. By the terms of the trade agreement recently concluded Germany will lower from 50 to 60 per cent the duty on grains brought in from Rumania, while the latter country has agreed to reduce the rates on certain industrial products, especially heavy machinery, imported from all countries with which Rumania enjoys most-favored-nation relations. The Rumanian tariff decrease is expected primarily to benefit German manufacturers inasmuch as Germany is the chief source of machinery imported into the Balkan countries. The German-Rumanian agreement is the more remarkable because it was arrived at in the face of a difficult political situation. Rumania's membership in the Little Entente and its close alliance with France have tended to discourage any dealings of an economic nature with Germany. Indeed, only a few weeks ago Foreign Minister Ghika almost disrupted the negotiations between Bucharest and Berlin by refusing to permit the German delegation, which was already en route, to come to Bucharest, merely because the foreign ministers of the Little Entente happened to be conferring there at the time. But Rumania's need for disposing of its surplus grain and the increasing pressure upon Germany to find markets for its manufactured wares ultimately overcame all political obstacles.

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LO, THE POOR FARM BOARD! Importuned by that great statesman Senator Jim Watson and other champions of the farmer to withhold its 200,000,000 bushels of 1930 wheat so that it will not compete with the 1931 crop, on June 26 it said a sorrowful nay to the farmer and reaffirmed its oft-expressed intention of selling whenever it could do so with a minimum of price disturbance. Next day the President issued a statement disclaiming any authority, of course, to determine the policies of the board, but suggesting "that he thought it wise to consider a more definite policy in respect to sales" of the board's wheat holdings, though some people thought the old policy quite definite, even if amazing. The board officials were reported as being "surprised," and next day came intimations that the board in limiting its offerings to foreigners and millers would compete as little as possible with righteous 1931 wheat. On the day following, Chairman Stone announced with spirit that "this is an independent board under the law, and not subject to interference from the President or anyone else." It is a great job being one of these independent organizations that Mr. Hoover sets up, only its requires flexible minds on the part of appointees. The board ought to hire an economic picture-puzzle publicity expert to explain, for the benefit of the President's candidacy in 1932, how it is going to sell 200,000,000 bushels of wheat without affecting prices, or, alternatively, how it is going to store them without incurring storage charges of $36,000,000 a year.

PAUPER LABOR AND CHILD LABOR are keeping the sugar bowls of America filled. In the beet fields of Colorado, for example, whole families get out and work under the blazing summer sun for wages that are not sufficient to meet the more essential needs of a single person. The wretched working conditions in these fields, and the pitifully small pay, have been made the subject of a special study by the Mexican Welfare Committee of the Colorado Knights of Columbus. As a result of this study Thomas F. Mahony, chairman of the committee, reported to the Third Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, which met recently in Denver, that the sugar companies have been "resorting to the family system of contract labor" to provide enough workers to raise and harvest the beets. Under this system, the report continues, "the sugar industry is able to escape responsibility and blame for the wholesale evasion" of the school-attendance and child-labor laws. More than that, the committee found that "the average wage per person was $108 per year," and that even the present rate of pay was being cut without the notice the law requires. This should be comforting news to the Washington Administration, which has outwardly been so anxious to maintain wage rates. Obviously, as the report pointed out, "no family can exist" on such pay, and so "public and private charity agencies must be prepared to carry an increased burden this winter for the relief of this underpaid labor, thus subsidizing the sugar industry." And yet we are told that under the American system these poor unfortunates ought to see themselves through their difficulties.

DOES SECTION 13—the anti-monopoly section—of the 1927 radio law apply to the Radio Corporation of America? Apparently not, for otherwise the federal Radio Commission would most certainly have refused to renew the broadcasting licenses held by that company. Instead, the commission decided, in face of the Supreme Court's recent decision holding the Radio Corporation and its affiliated interests to have violated the Clayton Anti-Trust Act, that RCA was entitled to retain its licenses. However, Section 13 clearly states that licenses must be denied anyone "finally adjudged guilty by a federal court of unlawfully monopolizing or attempting unlawfully to monopolize, after this act takes effect, radio communication, *directly or indirectly,* through the control of the manufacture or sale of radio apparatus, through exclusive traffic arrangements, or by any other means." In its decision of April 27 the Supreme Court did finally adjudge the Radio Corporation and its affiliated interests guilty of having exercised monopoly control over the manufacture and sale of radio apparatus. But three of the five commissioners decided that this had nothing to do with radio communication, even indirectly! Such fine logic-chopping may save the RCA for the time being, but the wind seems to be blowing in the other direction. First there was the April 27 decision; then on May 25 the Supreme Court held invalid the important Langmuir high-vacuum-tube patent, which has been described as "in large measure the foundation upon which the radio trust was built," and finally the Radio Commission was closely divided, three to two, on the question of renewing the RCA licenses.

WHILE THE DISMISSAL of Professor Herbert A. Miller from Ohio State University has received wide publicity throughout the country, the release of Dean Carl C. Taylor of the graduate school of North Carolina State College at Raleigh has been given almost no attention outside the State. Dr. Taylor, a man of strong character and high reputation, has been a member of the faculty of the North Carolina institution for eleven years and dean of the graduate school since 1923. He has long had differences with President E. C. Brooks, head of the college. According to the Greensboro *Daily News,* at about the beginning of June Dr. Taylor learned that he was under attack, and on June 8 the graduate school was abolished by the board of trustees as a measure of "economy"; so Dr. Taylor will be out of a job on October 1. According to Dr. Clarence Poe, who fought Dr. Taylor's battle in the board of trustees, the real issue was not economy or friction with the president, but

> . . . the fight which some elements over the State have been making against Dr. Taylor in the matter of free speech. He is not a Communist, anarchist, or Socialist, as some are charging. . . . But suppose he were as radical as some are charging. I believe our colleges are in ten times more danger from professors who are afraid to tell the truth, from men who are too much afraid for their jobs to speak out about matters of public welfare, than they are from having professors go to the other extreme. Our colleges had better risk some radicalism than develop faculties noted for timidity and intellectual dry rot.

This is eminent good sense, and no institution can afford the injury to its reputation involved in ousting a man of Dr. Taylor's fine character and high standing.

ON JULY 11 George W. Norris, United States Senator from Nebraska, celebrates his seventieth birthday. To him go our warmest congratulations, our unceasing gratitude for his superb public service in both houses of Congress, and

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the earnest hope that many more years of public activity lie before him, as many as those of our great Supreme Court Justice, Oliver Wendell Holmes. It seems to us that we can do nothing better than to reprint at this time part of the message to Senator Norris which we printed on December 26, 1923, affirming once more the sentiments therein:

> Greeting! For twenty years you have sat in the seats of the powerful in Washington and served your country faithfully and well. During all that time, unlike many of your legislative associates, your soul has been your own, your vote the vote of conscience. Wherever you have gone men have respected you, political opponents have envied and feared you. They saw you enter the Senate a reformer, a progressive; some among them, laughing cynically and, pointing to many an example in the Senate chamber, declared: "The system will overcome him." The system found itself baffled by a brave and honest man. The years passed; you were progressive still. The Great War came, beclouding men's minds, instilling passion into their hearts, making them give out only words of hate and unreason. You remained clear in vision, temperate in speech, loyal to the core. You voted against the war which was a crime against America and its every ideal, and in so doing you kept the American faith. You have kept it ever since. Always you have been the captain of your soul.

IN PERIODS of economic and social distress such as the present we are sometimes prone to overlook the remarkable scientific research that is going on all about us, and to forget the infinite capabilities of the human mind. One page of the New York *Times* recently brought us four striking examples of the progress being made in the realm of pure and applied science. From Calcutta came the announcement that Sir Chandrasekhara Venkata, this year's Nobel prize winner in physics, had discovered "proof that light consists of particles possessing additional attributes of angular motion which hitherto have been regarded as theoretical." In a popular lecture in Berlin Professor Albert Einstein described "a dynamic conception of the universe which regards its size as changing with time, as against the older static conception which dealt with fixed magnitudes." Here in New York the International Telephone and Telegraph Company announced that "a device for recording telephone conversations, local, long distance, and transoceanic," had been perfected by Dr. Curt Stille, a Berlin scientist. Lastly, from Bochum, Germany, came the statement that "albumen can now be derived synthetically from coal." This statement was made before the Society for Coal Research by Professor Wilhelm Gluud, discoverer of the process. Three of these discoveries come from Germans. They illustrate the fact to which we have previously called attention—that under pressure of dire necessity German scientists are achieving as never before.

NOT SINCE A CERTAIN fabled color-blind captain entered the Black Sea in mistake for the Red have we had so remarkable a story of wild wanderings as those of Hillig and Hoiriis on their aerial "joy ride" to Denmark. Supposed to be heading for Copenhagen via Ireland and England, they became completely lost, wandered over Spain and over France, and finally landed by sheerest luck at Krefeld, Germany. Taking off from there they first hit Bremen and then Hamburg, finally turning up in Bremen unable to move farther because of lack of sleep and exhaustion. In their case, "Wings over Europe" but states a fact. They, too, like Wiley Post and Harold Gatty, have shown again that the Atlantic can readily be spanned if conditions are favorable—a big if, for the Danes had a bad storm to contend with. The time of Post and Gatty, only sixteen hours from land to land, is phenomenal. If luck continues with them on their trip around the world, they will almost be back in New York by the time this paper reaches our subscribers—the eighty days of Jules Verne's imagination will have become ten days for American skill and enterprise in 1931! Mere records count, of course, for nothing. But the development of the art of long-distance flying warrants long hops. Only—we must once more express our antiquated regret that the world shrinks so rapidly, and that with it disappear so many chances for adventure and exploration.

THIS DEBUNKING of our national heroes ought to stop somewhere. It was perhaps useful to learn of some of the unpleasant facts in the lives of prominent American citizens long dead, but when the debunkers start in on our modern heroes more recently deceased, such as our highly prized gangsters and gunmen, it would seem high time to call a halt. We have for years been reading about the elaborate and expensive funerals given the more successful of the gang leaders, never doubting that these spectacular burials were as costly as they were said to be. But now a manufacturer of coffins has come forward to reveal the truth that the $15,000 solid-silver caskets are actually made of cheaper stuff, the outside being sprayed with silver paint. They really cost only "$200 to $400," said this literal-minded person, adding that the cost of a whole funeral, "exclusive of the floral tributes, is much more apt to be less than $1,000." And so we are deprived of another delightful legend. When or where will this ruthless revealing of truths which had better be forgotten come to an end?

BORN ALOYSIUS SMITH in Lancashire, known for many years in Africa as Zambezi Jack the peddler, Trader Horn has gone on his last adventure. He died in Kent, England, where, on the last strange turn of his fortunes, he had been living comfortably with a married daughter after a lifetime of financial uncertainty. He spent his youth in traveling about the world and his old age in telling of it to anyone who would listen. The happy circumstance that drove him in Cape Town to Mrs. Ethelfreda Lewis, who was able to make him tell his tales coherently and in a form she could write down, brought forth a book that thousands have enjoyed. From an itinerant peddler of kitchen wares, he became the pet of literary London and New York, dining at elegant tables, entertaining those who were not easily entertained with magnificent tales whose proportions of truth and fiction he had long since forgotten. Nor did it in the least matter. He was first a vigorous and enthusiastic traveler; then an aged and amusing raconteur. And not the least of his adventures was the one that brought him fame at eighty. When a young man becomes famous and then dies he is fortunate; when he lives to see his early eminence dwindle into obscurity he is the unhappiest of mortals; but when he lives through a long life unknown and rises to what for him are the heights of fame at a great age, he is chosen of the gods.

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Now, Mr. Hoover, Disarm!

JUST what caused President Hoover to change his mind so suddenly as to Germany, reparations, and debts, we, being without the confidence of the White House, know not. But when the realization came to him at last that Europe was, as *The Nation,* and higher and better authorities than ourselves, had for weeks been maintaining, on the verge of a terrific catastrophe, President Hoover lost not a minute in acting and acting spontaneously and well. Late, of course, he was. It is yet to be shown how far a year's postponement of European payments will set the millions of unemployed in Europe and America to work, how far it will block the headlong plunge of the European Powers toward bankruptcy, anarchy, and chaos. But nothing has happened since our last issue appeared to make us question that a marvelous step toward the rehabilitation of Europe is now assured. More than that, we believe—tell it not in Gath, which is Paris—that the Young Plan payments will never be renewed in full, that the plan itself is definitely breached and must be made over, and that another advance has been made toward the rewriting of the Treaty, that is the Madness, of Versailles.

These things lie in the future. As soon as the decks are cleared—and we have no fears as to any serious obduracy on the part of France—the next immediate objective is the Disarmament Conference at Geneva, in 1932. There lies the next rampart to be taken by storm, for within it is one of the six or seven major causes of Europe's falling to its present low estate. The swollen armaments of Europe have contributed not one whit to its safety or peace. On the contrary, they are one of the potent reasons why Fear stalks abroad in all the lands overseas touched by the World War. And hand in hand with Fear run Suspicion and Hate, its handmaidens. Each government watches what the next is doing. Each government demands more ships and gases, men and guns, tanks and planes; yes, so do even the happily disarmed nations. If this state of dread and unrest and incredible waste is not concluded, there can be but one end to it all—another holocaust with dire results.

If any man would deny this contention, let us point out to him what the actual figures are: Belgium's debt payments to the United States were but 2.01 per cent of its budget for 1930-31, while for armaments it is expending 10.3 per cent. France paid only $44,350,000 to the United States in 1930-31, while its military and naval expenditures reached the enormous sum of $432,000,000—2.24 per cent as against 21.9 per cent. Even in Great Britain, sorely harassed as it is, only 4.2 per cent of its budget came to us, while military and naval expenditures took 14 per cent. In Italy the comparison is even more striking. Its payments to the United States are only six-tenths of 1 per cent of its entire budget, while *more than one-quarter,* 25.4 per cent, goes to preparations for mass murder. So in Rumania, so in Poland. Only in Germany is the proportion reversed; its military and naval expenditures—still much too high—constitute 11.6 per cent of the total, whereas for reparations and external war charges Germany is assessed no less than 22.04 per cent of its outgo. If the mere forgiving of these smaller sums for one year can thrill the whole world, set every market to throbbing, and specially cause to rejoice the nations of Europe, what would not be accomplished if the insane waste of money for armaments were even cut in half?

Fortunately, Mr. Hoover has come more than ever to see the tremendous opportunity to end this waste of treasure, this criminal diversion of valuable capital. He has not always seen clearly in this matter, nor striven toward the goal as effectively as possible. We are not forgetting his repeated appeals to the nations to disarm, but we must recall, too, the wretched tactics and strategy on our part in the all but abortive Naval Disarmament Conference in London. Headed in the right direction, Mr. Hoover has not picked the right men to represent us, nor known how to give them a program. He has not correctly portrayed in his public addresses the military situation and policies of the United States. He has repeatedly stated that we could not reduce our land armaments because we had already gone so far in that direction. Even in his address to the International Chamber of Commerce in Washington on May 4 last, he said: "The United States has a less direct interest in land-armament reduction than any of the large nations because our forces have already been demobilized and reduced more than all others." Obviously he forgot Germany and Austria and Hungary and Bulgaria—the beaten Powers now disarmed. He did real injustice to England, which alone has decreased its expenditures for army and navy, reduced its officers, and cut and slashed year by year until its Navy League is frantic, as Mr. MacDonald declared in his remarkable speech on June 29. He forgot his own Presidential message of December 3, 1929, in which he said: "After 1914 the [our] various army contingents necessarily expanded until the end of the Great War and then proceeded to the low point in 1924 when expansion again began. In 1914 the officers and men in our regular forces, both army and navy, were about 164,000; in 1924 there were about 256,000, and in 1929 there were about 250,000." In his next sentence he admitted that "our citizens' army, however, including the National Guard and other forms of reserves, increases these totals up to about 299,000 in 1914, about 672,000 in 1924, and about 728,000 in 1929." There has been no change since 1929 except in the direction of further increase—the War Department continues to commission reserve officers, and it is understood that there are now close to 110,000, although we did not have five such officers when we won the war to end war. How could Mr. Hoover forget facts like these—that our forces had been increased from 299,000 to 728,000 and more—and dare to say to the visiting members of the International Chamber of Commerce that our land armament has been "reduced more than all others"?

But if this is a sorry example of loose Presidential thinking, three recent happenings have given us hope that here, too, Mr. Hoover has seen a great light. In the first place, the President has announced that on his present trip to Europe Mr. Stimson will discuss the question of disarmament with the heads of other governments. Next, Mr. Stimson's publishing on June 15, voluntarily, a complete

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statement of our effective military and naval forces (without reserves) is additional proof that the government is ready to lay its cards on the table even now. Finally, and most important, there is the Administration's recession on the matter of budgetary limitation of arms. No less than thirty-eight national organizations had appealed in June to Mr. Hoover to accept the principle. But at every conference hitherto the United States has opposed the plan of reducing armaments by limiting military and naval expenditure. Thus Ambassador Gibson has made the point that monetary fluctuations and differences in the various countries prevent this method of limitation from being "a true measure of armaments or a fair basis for limitation of armaments." The United States Government has also been opposed because acceptance would involve some form of international supervision by the League of Nations, and the United States did not wish to put itself in that position. Hence, the sudden change of position of Washington gives ground for hope that this time the United States will enter the Disarmament Conference with a fixed policy and, what is more important, a spirit of determination to achieve concrete results, instead of taking the attitude at the outset that it could not consider this or compromise on that, and that so far as its land forces were concerned it had nothing to yield, although its total military and naval expenditure, as Mr. Hoover himself has pointed out, is "in excess of those of the most highly militarized nations of the world," and the "programs now authorized will carry it to still larger figures in future years."

The way to disarm is to disarm. There is no prouder chapter in the history of the United States than the fact that during the first 111 years of our national history our regular army never rose above the figure of 25,000 men, and our fleet was negligible save during the Civil War; during this long period we never had a foreign war that was not of our own seeking. If Mr. Hoover were the ardent peace lover, the sincere and earnest Quaker, that he claims to be, he would have insisted from the moment of his taking office that there should not only be no further increases on land and at sea, but that our military and naval forces should be steadily reduced as conclusive proof to the other nations of the world of our sincerity in urging disarmament. If the other nations of the world have not believed in our sincerity in urging them to disarm, we have only ourselves to blame. Mr. Hoover should now enter the Disarmament Conference determined to disarm, and let it be known that the United States is ready to lead the way.

We have still another constructive suggestion to make. There are two men on the other side of the ocean, Prime Minister MacDonald and his Foreign Secretary, Mr. Henderson, who have their hearts set upon a great success at Geneva in February of next year. We urge upon Mr. Hoover that through Mr. Stimson or directly he come into touch with these two gentlemen, and agree with them upon a radical program of reduction as to material, ships, troops, and expenditures, to be presented jointly in the name of the two great Anglo-Saxon countries at the very opening of the conference. There could be no better or more effective strategy than thus to take the offensive, and none that would as certainly bring about a long step toward the freeing of the world from the criminal waste of armaments that protect nobody and are merely guaranties of the continuance of war.

Another Bleak Winter

THE people of this country generally know little of what the relief workers are thinking and saying these fine summer days. Winter is still five months away, but the almoners of charity are already turning their minds anxiously to the task that is going to confront them then. It might be interesting to know what arrangements police and military authorities are contemplating if the civil disorders that some of them fear actually break out. But even if the dumb patience of the unemployed survives the strain of added months of undeserved wretchedness, and even if business picks up somewhat, the winter of 1931-32 is going to be a desperately hard one.

Washington has persistently refused to admit anything, and the President was reported on his return from the Middle West as rejoicing in the disappearance of bread lines from our cities. Yet Leo M. Doody, commissioner of public welfare for Albany County, New York, declares that "the number of families who still need some aid is almost as great as it has been for the past eighteen months," while Fred C. Croxton, acting chairman of the President's Emergency Committee for Employment, in his recent appeal to the Association of Community Chests and Councils to prepare for next winter, said, in words whose significance is not concealed by their studied moderation:

> It is evident that there has been no emergency since the war which has demanded the help of public-spirited organizations more than the present unemployment situation and the problems which are growing out of it. The committee realizes that whatever the trend of business during the balance of the year the demand for relief will be unusually heavy next fall and winter. In fact, information has reached us that unmet needs for relief during the spring and summer are urgent in certain localities. Experience has shown that primary dependence for meeting this need must be placed on local sources, both of private charity and of local government.

The Association of Community Chests, under the presidency of J. Herbert Case, is accordingly girding itself for the task of raising $82,000,000 for the coming season. There will be 380 independent campaigns in the 380 chest cities, in order that the sacred principle of local responsibility may be preserved. But among the 133 cities of more than 25,000 inhabitants having no arrangements for syndicated charity drives are numbered New York, Chicago, and Boston, so that the total amount demanded for private charity will be vastly in excess of the figure above. Moreover, even this is but a small part of the entire sum that will be required. Mr. Croxton finds that of the total relief expenditures of sixty-eight cities in 1930, no less than 72 per cent came from taxes, and Homer Folks told the public-welfare officials of New York State flatly that "the bulk of the cost of unemployment relief will inevitably fall next year, as it did last, on the public treasury"—but not, be it said, on the federal Treasury or big income-taxpayers, thanks to Mr. Hoover. During the first four months of 1931 Mr. Croxton's cities spent for relief 75 per cent as much as during the whole of 1930. In view of such facts, what is our situation likely to be next winter, with savings increasingly exhausted by the

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long months and years of unemployment, with charitable resources strained to the breaking-point by the enormous demands of the past two winters, and with steadily increasing difficulty in the collection of local taxes?

We wish the community chests all success in their difficult undertaking; but we regard the existing situation, with the federal government refusing to do anything, as outrageous and intolerable in a civilized country. Several of the more progressive cities have done helpful and even notable work in the effort to relieve their unemployed and to do what is possible, in connection with local industries, to steady employment. Some States are beginning to consider insurance. But Mr. Hoover flatly refuses to let the federal government act. His Emergency Committee has from the beginning been hamstrung by orders from above; it is a huge publicity bluff. Porter R. Lee, director of the New York School of Social Work, one of the members who resigned when Colonel Woods withdrew, declared publicly that the committee, though concerned with the possibility of increasing employment, could not be stirred up to any effective interest in the question of relief. Thus far, with the Department of Labor at his disposal, the President has won his battle against adequate records, adequate employment exchanges, unemployment insurance, and comprehensive planning, even though public opinion has moved forward since the prosperity-besotted days of 1929; and what with summer weather and the European debt move, he now has successfully diverted public attention from the whole unemployment question. Will the distresses of another bleak winter lead him to yield on any of the essentials of an intelligent program?

The Tardy Law

ON June 23 Bernard K. Marcus and Saul Singer, president and executive vice-president respectively of the Bank of United States, were sentenced to prison terms of from three to six years for wilful misapplication of funds in connection with one of the many tortuous operations of the bank. Herbert Singer, son of the vice-president, received an indeterminate sentence which may run from six months to three years. The Bank of United States was closed by the State Superintendent of Banks on December 11, 1930. The bank had sixty-two offices in New York City; its depositors, many of them with very small accounts, numbered nearly 400,000, and its deposits, two weeks before the collapse, aggregated over $200,000,000. The trial of the accused officials lasted twelve weeks, and was preceded by as many weeks of tedious and rambling investigation. By the time the jury rendered its verdict, the particular rascalities of which Marcus and the Singers were found guilty had been lost sight of in the mass of evidence and argument with which the case had been obscured, and not one newspaper reader in a thousand, it is safe to say, had any clear idea of what the whole proceeding was about. Of the 400,000 depositors who had been embarrassed or ruined, not one benefited by so much as a penny by the conviction, and the case itself was promptly appealed.

The case of the Bank of United States was tried in the New York State courts. On June 5, three weeks earlier, the United States District Court at New York dismissed the suit brought by the Bank of France against the Chase National Bank and the Equitable Trust Company for damages amounting to over $5,200,000 regarding a shipment of gold from Soviet Russia to which the Bank of France laid claim. The claim was filed on March 6, 1928. The trial of the suit began on April 6 last, more than three years after the claim was filed, and lasted nine weeks, but the decision of the court dismissing the suit was handed down the next day.

These two cases afford a striking illustration of the difference in method between the State courts in criminal trials and federal courts in civil suits. The case of the Bank of United States was, to be sure, a complicated one, the financial operations of the bank having been juggled in amazing fashion, but it would be hard to make a layman believe that after the necessary examination of the bank's affairs had been completed—a task which certainly should not have consumed nearly three months—the issues upon which the guilt or innocence of Marcus and the Singers depended should not have been sufficiently clear to enable a jury to reach a verdict with reasonable promptness. Instead, the court allowed the trial to drag along for weeks and weeks while lawyers piled up 8,000 pages of evidence and technical argument.

The Soviet-gold case, on the other hand, was comparatively simple, involving in the main only the question whether the Bank of France had any legal title to the gold, and whether, for the purpose of enforcing its claim, it had any right to bring a suit in the courts of a country which has denied to the Soviet Government diplomatic recognition. A nine weeks' trial of a case of this kind is certainly not speedy, and there is little to be said in praise of a procedure which allowed counsel for the Bank of France to declare that the defendants "took this gold from a party they knew stole it," and to assert that the gold was taken to the Treasury Department in order to persuade the American Government "to change its ruling not to recognize the Soviet Russian Government." This is mixing evidence with political harangue. Even so, however, the court took only a few hours to make up its mind.

For such improvement as has taken place in the federal courts great credit belongs to Chief Justice Hughes, who has continued the work of speeding up procedure begun by Chief Justice Taft, with the result that the Supreme Court adjourned with its calendar cleared. The State courts, on the other hand, may well study the remarkable career of Judge George A. Shaughnessy of the Milwaukee municipal court, who has not only kept his docket cleared but also aided effectively in ridding the city of gangsters. The example of the Lord Mayor's court of London in completing in a few days the preliminary examination of Lord Kylsant, one of the foremost business leaders in England, on charges arising out of the management of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, is a recent testimony to the traditional speed of English law. We cannot afford to allow popular respect for the courts, already seriously impaired wherever important criminal trials or cases with a political slant are concerned, to decline any further. The public has a right to expect that extraneous matter shall be wholly excluded from court procedure, and that decisions shall be rendered with as much speed as in other countries.

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Michigan Passes the "Spolansky Act"

By MAURICE SUGAR

Detroit, June 26

I

"FEAR and rage are twins, born of the same necessity." The twins are stalking through Michigan. Michigan industrialists are scared—and wrathy. On May 18, 1931, the legislature of Michigan passed a registering, photographing, fingerprinting, excluding, deporting, and jailing act. Governor Wilber M. Brucker approved it.

The act provides that any person of foreign birth who has illegally entered the United States cannot maintain a legal residence in Michigan or travel within the State. He is "declared to have entered the State illegally," and is "subject to deportation"; and "shall when detected be denied admission at its borders." Such person "is prohibited from having employment or engaging in business within the State except as hereinafter in the penal section of this act provided." (The exception generously permits employment as a convict in the prisons of the State upon conviction of violating the act.) No employer shall have such person in his employ. And no one "shall associate with such person in business as a partner or otherwise."

"Certificates of legal residence" shall be issued to all aliens legally resident in Michigan "after they have established proof of legality of their entrance to the United States from the records of the office of the United States Bureau of Immigration." Application for the certificate is to be made to the commissioner of public safety, it being necessary to file with him the required evidence; and "photographs, fingerprints, or such other evidence of identification as the discretion of the commissioner shall demand may be required of all applicants."

Employers must require such persons to produce a certificate of legal residence and whenever an applicant cannot produce a proper certificate, the employer must "promptly report the circumstances to the commissioner of public safety, giving the name used and the address furnished by said applicant." It is made the duty of all police officers to arrest any alien who does not possess the certificate, and to hold him under arrest "until his right of residence shall be established" or until he is sent to prison, after which the officers "shall at once deliver the person of such alien to the officers of the United States Bureau of Immigration, together with an abstract of the evidence of the proceedings."

II

The act was introduced in the House of Representatives by Representative Charles W. Cheeney, of Chesaning, a very small upstate town. The measure is beginning to be spoken of, however, as the "Spolansky Act." There is no one by that name in the Michigan legislature, but there is someone in the employ of the National Metal Trades Association and in the officialdom of the Union League of Michigan. And to know the story of the "Spolansky Act," it is necessary to know the story of Jacob Spolansky and the National Metal Trades Association and the Union League of Michigan.

Michigan is an industrial State, and it has been hard hit by the depression. On March 6, 1930, over 100,000 persons participated in an unemployed demonstration in the city of Detroit alone. A frightened and brutal municipal officialdom savagely attacked these workers and gave Detroit a striking view of unrestrained terrorism and violence. Since then there have been innumerable demonstrations of unemployed workers throughout Michigan, with attendant brutality and disregard of law on the part of public officials. Welfare work has failed to allay this rising discontent.

Another influence has contributed to the fear and rage of the capitalistic interests of the State. During the past year every one of the fifteen "private" banks in the city of Detroit closed its doors. In addition to these private banks a number of other banks in the Detroit metropolitan area have also closed. A tabulation of the depositors in the private banks alone shows their number to be 34,330, and the amount of their deposits to be over six and a quarter million dollars. Add the number of depositors in other banks closed in the Detroit metropolitan area and the total would probably run to over 50,000. The depositors of the private banks were in large part workers of foreign birth. In most cases the amount on deposit represented the total savings of the worker.

III

Such was the situation when Jacob Spolansky appeared upon the scene. Spolansky, a native of Russia, first became known in Michigan through the raid which he headed for the Department of Justice upon the Communist convention held at Bridgman, Michigan, in 1922. He is remembered as secretary of Branch 1 of the Russian Federation of the Socialist Party at Chicago in 1918-19. It is believed that he acted as secretary of the Socialist branch in pursuance of his duties as an employee of the United States Department of Justice. In reporting a speech which he made in Detroit before the Union League of Michigan in December, 1930, the Detroit *News* said:

> During the World War he served in the Military Intelligence Section, Negative Division, of the United States Army. From 1918 to 1924 he was in charge of the Chicago District Intelligence Division of the Department of Justice. In 1926 he was retained by private interests in connection with the Communist strike in the textile industry at Passaic, New Jersey. In 1927 he was brought to Detroit to make a detailed survey of communistic and radical activities in the automotive industries.

The report of the Fish committee gave express recognition to Spolansky.

Spolansky has been in Detroit for some time as "special representative" of the National Metal Trades Association, and he has been cooperating with the immigration authorities. Under cross-examination in a deportation hearing held in Detroit last April, he disclosed that his employer, the National Metal Trades Association, has branches "in Detroit and thirty-eight other cities"; that the members of this asso-

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ciation in Detroit are "General Motors plants, Chrysler Corporation, all the leading automobile manufacturers in this town with the exception of Henry Ford"; that the principal part of his work is "industrial-relations work"; that "quite a few people" are working under him; that he is "doing work in connection with subversive activities"; that a part of his work is "knowing the activities of the Communist Party in Detroit"; and that he receives "quite a lot of reports from different sources as to communistic activities in plants connected with the National Metal Trades Association."

Spolansky is vice-chairman of the Committee on Subversive Activities of the Union League of Michigan, which organization has an interesting official personnel. The chairman of its Council on Public Affairs is Colonel Walter C. Cole, former executive vice-president of the Metropolitan Trust Company of Detroit, director of the Detroit Board of Commerce, member of the Committee on National Defense of the United States Chamber of Commerce, and national president of the Reserve Officers Association of the United States.

Other officers and directors of the Union League are Frank W. Blair, chairman of the board of the Guardian Detroit Union Group, Inc., one of the largest banking institutions in the country, and director of the Michigan Bell Telephone Company and other corporations; Charles S. Mott, banker, vice-president of the General Motors Corporation, officer of eight other large banks and corporations, colonel of the Ordnance Corps Reserves, member of the Spanish War Veterans, Veterans of Foreign Wars, American Legion, Rotary, Kiwanis, and three Army and Navy clubs; James R. Davidson, director of a number of banks, officer of ten steamship companies, director of a railroad company, and member of the Republican National Committee; Charles B. Warren, corporation lawyer, banker, ex-ambassador to Japan and Mexico, colonel in the United States army, nominated by Coolidge for the office of attorney general and rejected by the Senate by one vote because of too obvious connections with the sugar interests; J. Walter Drake, automobile manufacturer, Assistant Secretary of Commerce under Coolidge, director United States Chamber of Commerce; H. B. Earhart, president White Star Refining Company, Vacuum Oil Company, National Bank of Commerce of Detroit; George R. Fink, president Michigan Steel Corporation; Charles T. Bush, vice-president Industrial Morris Plan Bank of Detroit, director Guaranty Trust Company; Lawrence P. Fisher, William A. Fisher, and Fred J. Fisher, all vice-presidents of General Motors Corporation; Hal P. Smith, general counsel Michigan Manufacturers Association; Clarence L. Ayres, president American Life Insurance Company, appointee of Governor Brucker as chairman of the State Advisory Finance and Accounting Council, other members of the council being Frank W. Blair and Charles B. Warren, already mentioned as officers of the Union League, and Arthur T. Waterfall, director Michigan Manufacturers Association.

On the Committee on Subversive Activities, along with Spolansky, there appear Chester M. Culver, general manager Employers Association of Detroit, and William H. Godson, instructor United States Army Organized Reserves and colonel in the regular army. A distinguished member of the advisory board of the Union League is none other than Wilber M. Brucker, Governor of Michigan.

The report of the Committee on Subversive Activities of the Union League of Michigan states that it "sponsored a series of meetings which were addressed by prominent speakers representing both sides of this question." "Both sides" must have been on the same side, because no one spoke in favor of the "other side." Spolansky was the star speaker. He spoke on two occasions, in his first talk narrating with relish his participation in the Palmer red raids in 1920, and playing upon his hearers' fears of Soviet Russia. In his second talk he emphasized the value of the report of the Fish committee, which had not yet been made. Seated at Spolansky's immediate left during this talk were Governor Brucker and the Honorable Charles B. Warren. All the talks led up to the address of Chester M. Culver, general manager of the Employers Association of Detroit, who made it clear that every strike in Detroit during the past fifteen years had been caused by Communist propaganda. Not wages nor hours nor working conditions had anything to do with these strikes.

The report of the committee is virtually a summary of the report of the Fish committee, a large part of it consisting of extracts from that document. The recommendations include the enactment of laws providing for the registration of all aliens, the immediate deportation of all alien Communists, the disfranchisement of native American citizens members of the Communist Party, the denaturalization of naturalized citizens affiliated with the Communist Party, and a prohibition of the placing of the name of the Communist Party on any election ballot.

IV

On the morning of May 19, 1931, Michigan awoke to discover that two days previous to adjournment the State legislature had passed the "Spolansky Act." Though it had been introduced more than a month before, not a single line had been given to it by the press. The legislature had not concerned itself with a single piece of legislation pertaining to the vital problems of the State, but had passed a bill sponsored by the D. A. R. to require school teachers to take an oath of allegiance to the country and its flag, had enacted measures regulating the occupations of cosmeticians and chiropodists, and had made the robin the State bird. There has been no confirmation of the rumor that the Union League will seek the repeal of this last measure because of the color of the robin's breast. Although unemployment had assumed tremendous proportions, no measure concerning this problem had as much as appeared in either house.

The Detroit *Free Press,* which quickly came out in favor of the "Spolansky Act," stated in its first news dispatch:

> The measure was drafted by the Subversive Activities Committee of the Union League of Michigan after a series of weekly conferences with federal authorities in Detroit last winter. The lawmakers were told that one of the principal aims of the legislation is to reach Communists and Socialists who are attempting to stir unrest. W. D. Edenburn, lobbyist for the automobile industry and member of the Union League committee, guided the bill through the legislature.

The dispatch also stated that when one of the three dissenting senators attempted to have consideration of the bill postponed, "Senator Chester M. Howell told his colleagues the issue should not be delayed 'because the less that is said about the bill, the better it will be for all concerned.' "

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V

According to the census of 1930 the number of foreign-born in Michigan is 840,268, of whom the number naturalized is 382,980, while 21,930 are listed "unknown." A dispatch in the Detroit *Times* presented as follows the contention of members of the staff of the attorney general who had studied the bill:

> The practical effect of the law is to require all persons who are not obviously American-born to carry and be ready to produce at all times proof of their citizenship, birth, or right of entry into the United States. Any policeman may require this proof. The law says he may hold any alien who has not a certificate issued by the commissioner of public safety. The result will be that he will hold any one, citizen or alien, who cannot prove his right to be in the United States.

It is obvious that the bill will apply not only to aliens but to all foreign-born men, women, and children, since the required certificate would furnish their only protection, and even then not protection from arrest. The burden is thrown upon the alien to prove his legal entry into the country, and in thousands of cases this will be an impossibility. Efficient enforcement will require the State to set up a bureau of immigration and to patrol the State borders so that persons who seek to enter from Indiana or Ohio or Wisconsin can be scrutinized. Under the provisions of this law many persons not subject to federal deportation will nevertheless not be permitted to live in the State of Michigan, being unable to qualify as "legal residents"; and it requires only a recollection of the reign of terror which existed during the regime of Attorney General Palmer, so proudly recalled by Spolansky, to visualize the application of the law in the demoralization of workers' groups, of citizens equally with foreign-born, seeking to improve their conditions, and in the breaking of strikes for higher wages or shorter hours or improved working conditions. It is difficult to conceive of a more effective blacklist than that which will be furnished by the registration required under this law.

The passage of the measure created a great stir in the State. The Governor removed all doubts about his prior acquaintance with the bill by stating at once and emphatically that he proposed to sign it and that no one need make effort to dissuade him. But he reckoned without the tremendous foreign-born population of Michigan's industrial centers, and of Detroit in particular. He was swamped with protests. As if by signal members of all of the racial groups in the State became articulate, and these groups by no means represented aliens alone. The foreign-language press was vociferous in its protests. The latent liberal element was heard from. Working-class organizations of every conceivable type and character were stirred into action. The Governor became a little less cocksure; so when the Detroit Civil Liberties Union presented to him arguments to prove that the bill was unconstitutional, he suddenly professed an interest. He referred the bill to the office of the attorney general for an opinion upon its constitutionality, stating that if it were found to be unconstitutional, he would veto it.

The study of the constitutionality of the act was referred to Assistant Attorney General Charles Rubiner, who prepared a long opinion in which he found the act to be unconstitutional. Then a strange thing happened. The Governor and the entire staff of the attorney general went into a huddle which lasted for four hours. It seemed that the problem of the Governor had become additionally complicated because some of the manufacturers of the State were apprehensive about the provisions of the bill which applied to them and made them subject to criminal prosecution. That was going a little too far. This apprehension, which resulted in representations being made to the Governor by some of the interests who had favored the legislation, was speedily allayed. According to the Detroit *Times:*

> Assistant Attorney General Clardy urged the Governor to sign the bill, although his superior, Paul W. Voorheis, Attorney General, had advised the executive that the measure is unconstitutional. This opinion is shared by all of the assistant attorneys general except Clardy. Governor Brucker acted on Clardy's theory that there will be enough of the act left to make a workable law after the courts have nullified the unconstitutional provisions. *Clardy admits the section prohibiting the employer from hiring unregistered aliens is invalid.*

The result of the huddle was this: the opinion of the assistant attorney general did not become the opinion of the attorney general, because the attorney general refrained from signing the opinion prepared by the assistant attorney general. Newspaper dispatches referred to the incident by stating that the opinion was "suppressed." And the Governor, having no opinion from the attorney general to the effect that the act was unconstitutional, signed it, stating: "While the attorney general has indicated that some questions of constitutionality may be raised on certain provisions, yet it appears that at least that part of the act may stand which compels registration." Apparently the Governor feels that the purpose of the bill to destroy the militant labor movement of the State would be virtually accomplished by the enforcement of this provision alone.

VI

Immediately upon the signing of the bill action to restrain its enforcement was instituted in the federal court by the Detroit Civil Liberties Union, acting in cooperation with other groups, the attorneys being Patrick H. O'Brien, former circuit judge and well-known liberal, Theodore Levin and Nathan L. Milstein, recognized as outstanding authorities on matters of immigration and constitutional law, and Fred M. Butzel, prominent Detroit philanthropist and social worker, and brother of Henry M. Butzel, chief justice of the Supreme Court of Michigan. A temporary order was issued by the newly appointed United States District Judge Ernest A. O'Brien, restraining the State officials from enforcing the act. The hearing is expected to be held in the latter part of June, and the attorney general of the State of Michigan, who, it would appear, is of the view that the law is unconstitutional, will argue that it is constitutional.

In the meantime, more significant opposition is becoming manifest. Movements are under way by workers to stage gigantic demonstrations and protests against the law. Many political observers are of the view that when the Governor signed the bill he signed also his own political death warrant. However that may be, there is little room for conjecture about the stimulating effect of the law upon the growing class consciousness of the workers. Perhaps nothing has ever occurred in the State of Michigan which has aroused the workers as has the passage of the "Spolansky Act."

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President Hoovers' Record

III. The President's Economics*

By HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

WHEN Herbert Hoover entered the White House, there were widespread expressions of satisfaction over the accession to the Presidency of an engineer and business man of wide experience who would lead the country, not as a politician, but as an economist, taking careful account of all relevant facts, and shaping policy in accordance with them. Today that illusion has faded. Facts and expert opinion alike are brushed aside when they do not agree with preconceived policies, and it has been generally discovered that the President's economics is the economics, not of the trained student of social affairs, but simply of a successful though not highly intelligent mining engineer and business executive. It is, in fact, the economics of 1831, not 1931. Mr. Hoover's lack of skill in dealing with Congress is often ascribed to his long habit of command in large affairs. When it comes to explaining his thinking, however, it is too often forgotten that the training and experience of his formative years were those of the mining engineer and promoter, engaged in the most speculative, ruthless, and exploitative of all industries, and that when the war brought him into public service, his work was the administration of material relief on a huge scale, and later, as Secretary of Commerce, the purely business task of trade promotion. Of the theoretical training that accustoms one to see an economic problem as a whole in all its relations he has none, and he discloses a surprising inability to translate experience into broader thinking.

The outgrowth of his training and experience is a kind of belated and bastard individualism, whose essence consists in letting the strong business man have his own way as far as possible, in the faith that the production of goods will thereby be most effectively increased. Thus there will be more for everybody, and the general interest will be served by the self-helping activities of the captain of industry. To this theory the President is passionately, not to say fanatically, devoted. No amount of evidence that things are not working out as his theory requires suffices to shake his confidence in it. Society to him seems to be a congeries of disparate individuals, not an intimately related series of members in which an injury to one is necessarily the concern of all. In his little book on "American Individualism" Mr. Hoover stated, with all the emphasis of italics:

> Our individualism differs from all others because it embraces these great ideals: *that while we build our society upon the attainment of the individual, we shall safeguard to every individual an equality of opportunity to take that position in the community to which his intelligence, character, ability, and ambition entitle him; that we keep the social solution free from frozen strata of classes; that we shall stimulate effort of each individual achievement; that through an enlarging sense of responsibility and understanding we shall assist him to this attainment, while he in turn must stand up to the emery wheel of competition.*

The President's naive conception is clearly revealed again in his well-known King's Mountain speech of October 7, 1930: "In the American system, through free and universal education, we train the runners, and strive to give them an equal start; the government is the umpire of its fairness. The winner is he who shows the most conscientious training, the greatest ability, the strongest character." To the President the economic process, then, is a race between individuals (and a fair race at that) for prizes, not a collective undertaking whereby individual competition is directed to supply the food and clothing and other things needed by society. Further, in his thinking the prizes go to those who morally ought to get them. Actually they go to those who enjoy the greatest privilege through property ownership and other legal advantages, and to those who are self-regarding, ruthless, and wolfish in seizing opportunities.

In further illustration of Mr. Hoover's capacity for objective judgment in matters of this kind, the following passage, published in 1922, deserves quotation:

> In Russia under the new tyranny a group, in pursuit of social theories, have destroyed the primary self-interest impulse of the individual to production. Although socialism in a nation-wide application has now proved itself with rivers of blood and inconceivable misery to be an economic and spiritual fallacy and has wrecked itself finally upon the rocks of destroyed production and moral degeneracy, I believe it to have been necessary for the world to have had this demonstration.

By contrast with the Russian disaster, there is in Mr. Hoover's mind no question of the success of our own scheme. As he said in his speech of acceptance, back in the almost forgotten days of 1928: "With impressive proof on all sides of magnificent progress, no one can rightly deny the fundamental correctness of our economic system." As satisfactory proof of his point he declares that we have more youth in institutions of higher learning than all the rest of the world put together; we consume four times as much electricity and have seven times as many automobiles per capita as they; our telephones and radio sets are four times as common as theirs, and our paupers only one-twentieth as numerous. Forgetting all the other advantages we have enjoyed, the President sees our happy situation as due to the incontrovertible superiority of the industrial scheme which he so passionately defends against all the inroads of social control. "We must follow our own destiny. Our ideals are a binding spiritual heritage. We cannot abandon them without chaos." What chance have plain facts and sober economic analysis in face of such spiritual fervor as this?

As for the practical conclusions of this belief, we learn from the speech of acceptance: "Government should not engage in business in competition with its citizens. Such actions extinguish the enterprise and initiative which has been the glory of America and which has been the root of its preeminence among the nations of the world." On this text President Hoover

* The third of a series of ten articles on President Hoover's Record. The fourth, President Hoover and Unemployment, by Senator Robert M. La Follette, will appear in our next issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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has rung the changes in speech after speech. On this basis he vetoed the Muscle Shoals bill, alleging against it various bad reasons which really bore no relation to his inextinguishable opposition to government enterprise, succinctly expressed in his annual message of December 3, 1929: "I do not favor the operation by the government of either power or manufacturing business except as an unavoidable by-product of some other major public purpose."

Even regulation is only grudgingly allowed. The government should keep hands off unless it is absolutely obliged to take action. Because we substantially confer a monopoly on public utilities, indeed, we must regulate their services and rates, but the industries which produce and distribute commodities, like oil, steel, lumber, coal, copper, and manufactured goods of all kinds, must be left entirely to the control of competition, with such cooperation as the government can afford to the competitors. Yet, in fact, every government in the world, our own included, has been absolutely obliged under the conditions of modern economic life to abandon the idea of unrestricted competition as an adequate regulator of the production and distribution of wealth, and has supplemented it with, or substituted for it, a measure of social control so great that it is rapidly changing the very character of the economic process. It is, I believe, not unfair to assert that the fundamentals of Mr. Hoover's economics had been abandoned by most intelligent economists before Mr. Hoover was born. They are little more than a rationalization of the prejudices and desires of business men of the predaceous type, among whom chiefly will be found today any serious support for such views.

How has the President's economics met the test of actual application? At his inauguration he faced an insistent demand for farm relief. Agriculture, overexpanded during the war, carrying an impossible burden of high land costs due to high war prices, and of high prices for manufactured goods, in some cases tariff-inflated, called loudly for help to a country wallowing in prosperity. The obvious remedy for the situation, on the basis of the President's theories, was to take off any government-imposed handicaps on agriculture, and then if necessary to let the farmers fail, let the poorer land go out of cultivation, let the amount of agricultural produce decline, and thus raise agricultural by comparison with other prices, restoring to agriculture that "equality" with manufactures about which much is said and little is done. But the farmers have millions of votes, so Mr. Hoover after long hesitation came out for "a Federal Farm Board . . . not only to still further aid farmers' cooperatives and pools . . . but especially to build up with federal finance farmer-owned and farmer-controlled stabilization corporations which will protect the farmer from the depressions and demoralizations of seasonal gluts and periodical surpluses." Yet in calling for action he declared: "No governmental agency should engage in the buying and selling and price-fixing of products, for such courses can lead only to bureaucracy and domination." Now the Grain Stabilization Corporation subsidiary to the Farm Board is in fact almost exactly the kind of price-fixing agency the President had denounced; yet he was able to praise highly the whole measure establishing the board.

We know the result. The Farm Board has probably helped the cooperatives somewhat, though not always wisely. It has lost $90,000,000 or more of the taxpayers' money in speculation ("stabilization operations"), has demoralized the produce markets, and has accumulated vast stocks of wheat and cotton that hang over those markets like the sword of Damocles. Meanwhile agricultural prices have plunged downward to the lowest levels known in forty years. President Hoover is not responsible for those prices. He is responsible for sponsoring a scheme of "farm relief" embodying features so inept, so unsound economically, so contrary to all the teachings of experience that its disastrous results were clearly foretold by competent critics before it was inaugurated.

The tariff tells the same story. Mr. Hoover's supporters saw in him a great internationalist, prepared by broad experience to cope with the complex problems of international trade in the post-war world. In fact his Department of Commerce had been primarily a glorified sales agency. His campaign speeches had been filled with unreasoned predictions of "floods of goods" and tumbling wages and wrecked homes if the tariff were lowered. In the incredibly confused Boston address of October 15, 1928, he had managed, by lugging in the intricacies of "polyangular" trade, to deny the truism that if you hinder imports you must by so much hinder exports, and that if you hinder American imports you make it just so much the harder for European governments to pay their war debts to us. As if that were not enough, he further demonstrated his entire lack of any understanding of the tariff problem by urging revision of rates in any industry in which there had been a slackening of activity in recent years, thus in effect urging the maintenance of every industry just where it stood after the war, and preventing any better use of world resources. To equalize the difference in costs of production at home and abroad, he declared, was only to take from foreign producers the advantages they derive from paying lower wages to labor. That is, the only differences in costs of production are differences in wages. Has the President never heard that it is just the lowness of other costs that makes high wages possible, and that American exports of agricultural products and steel and machinery and automobiles and all the other goods produced at such low costs as to be exportable are turned out by the highest-paid labor in the world?

In view of his whole record it was singularly appropriate that President Hoover should sign the Smoot-Hawley bill in face of the formal protest of 1,028 members of the American Economic Association. In all the crises through which that measure passed, not once did he exercise his leadership effectively to prevent the enactment of rates that were economically unsound and injurious, politically unwise to a degree, and internationally provocative at a time when all the world was in need of healing. The act embodies an ignorant, narrow, selfish, predatory economics that carries in itself the seeds of its own destruction.

President Hoover's contemptuous disregard for facts, to use no stronger term in characterizing his treatment of them, was no less apparent in his veto of the Muscle Shoals bill than in his management of the tariff issue, and it has run all through his handling of the great question of prosperity and depression, which has also disclosed his extraordinary lack of understanding of the real working of economic forces. During the months of mad speculation between March 4 and October 23, 1929, no word of warning came from the White House. There is good reason for believing that the crash took by surprise the President and his advisers, living in the fool's paradise of the "new economics." Then came the hasty and spectacular conferences with business leaders to restore pros-

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perity by proclamation, and on December 3, 1929, the economist in the White House declared:

> I am convinced that through these measures we have re-established confidence. Wages should remain stable. A very large degree of industrial unemployment and suffering which would otherwise have occurred has been prevented. Agricultural prices have reflected the returning confidence. The measures taken must be vigorously pursued until normal conditions are restored.
>
> The agricultural situation is improving.

Then followed the long months of evasion and misrepresentation of facts, in the doubtless well-intended, but blundering and bewildered attempt to conjure prosperity out of the vasty deep, while conditions inexorably went from bad to worse. And then, all the conjure magic having failed, there came the official discovery of "world-wide depression" as the demon responsible for our industrial woes. Can anyone point to a White House utterance disclosing any real comprehension of the underlying causes of that depression, so far as they have been worked out by the most competent economists, or any proposal for action based on a recognition of those causes? Until the President's recent call for a year's postponement of payments on war debts and reparations, not one. Even that action, highly commendable as it is, cannot fairly be interpreted as arising out of a clear comprehension of the economic realities of our situation. On the contrary, in his Cleveland speech the President, in his extraordinary English, insisted on the point that he has just recently reiterated at Indianapolis: "Because the present depression is world-wide and because its causes are world-wide, does not require that we should wait upon the recovery of the rest of the world. We can make a very large degree of recovery independently of what may happen elsewhere." The same old illusion that a selfish, independent national prosperity is possible reappears, the same old eagerness to snatch prosperity for ourselves.

The months of failure of the tactics of ballyhoo, however, reminded the President of his distrust of government action, and in his annual message of December 2 last he announced: "Economic depression cannot be cured by legislative action or executive pronouncement. Economic wounds must be healed by the action of the cells of the economic body, the producers and consumers themselves. Recovery can be expedited and its effects mitigated by cooperative action." It is government action through wars and indemnities and tariffs and nationalistic restrictions and burdens of all kinds that has certainly contributed powerfully to the present situation, if not actually created it, as the President's action to save Germany now testifies. Yet in his capacity of economist Mr. Hoover disclaims government responsibility and blithely passes on the task of recovery to "the cells of the economic body." If those cells are undernourished because of unemployment, he sturdily resists all attempts to feed them by the use of federal power, lest we extinguish "the enterprise and initiative which has been the glory of America." Perhaps as we move on toward the third winter of unemployment, those hungry cells will draw comfort and sustenance from the utterance of the economist candidate at Boston in 1928: "The present issue is the well-being and comfort and security of the American family and the American home. On that issue my party presents, as proof of its capacity, the record of the growing comfort and security of the past seven years." How long ago 1928 seems!

The Enemy of Mankind

By ALBERT GUERARD

[*In view of the world-wide interest in the position of the French Government with reference to President Hoover's proposal of a year's postponement of all payments on war debts and reparations, the following article on the state of public opinion in France, by a distinguished Franco-American scholar, is of special timeliness.*—EDITOR THE NATION.]

CERTAIN people (in benighted France) are fond of pointing an accusing finger at the "enemy of mankind." The "enemy" may change: perfidious Albion, the incorrigible Boche, Mussolinian Italy, barbarous Russia, Uncle Sham—the name does not matter. It is the "myth of a guilty nation" that provides unspeakable comfort to the virtuous. Patriotic righteousness thrives on scapegoats.

Naturally, two or more can play at that game. If Georges Duhamel denounces "America, the Menace," America may retort by declaring that France is a public nuisance. Odd that while as individuals Americans and Frenchmen may get on famously, the two sister republics can do nothing but squabble like fishwives. Acrimony breeds acrimony, and so *ad infinitum*.

How can we break the vicious circle? Offering the other cheek would do it; but neither France nor America is a Christian nation—can a nation be Christian and live? The root of the evil lies in the *national fallacy*—in the romantic notion that France is a person, with a definite character, a clear-cut thought, a will of her own. I have lived a quarter of a century in France; I have studied and taught her history and literature for an even longer period; I have come across many people who claimed to be "France" as loudly as William Randolph Hearst claims to be "America"; and I have not been able to convince myself that Jaurès and Déroulède, Anatole France and Paul Bourget, Romain Rolland and Charles Maurras, Louis Marin and Aristide Briand were identical and interchangeable.

The patriotic gospel in its purity is fascism; every thought that is not strictly "national" is an act of treason. There we have unanimity—artificial no doubt, but impressive and potent. Roughly speaking, Mussolini is Italy; or, if you prefer, Italy is Mussolini speaking roughly. Some Americans affect to believe that similar conditions prevail in France. Professor Carlton Hayes has a book on "France: A Nation of Patriots"; and R. E. Sherwood calls France "a Monadnock among nations." "Let the beautiful conception of the brotherhood of man and universal peace sweep across the earth and level the horizon, and France will remain, a solitary peak." This is eloquent, but singularly contrary to patent facts. "The brotherhood of man" was preached by quite a

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few representative Frenchmen, such as Victor Hugo, long before Mr. Sherwood started reviewing books. And if the *official* doctrine of the French Republic (the rights of man, liberty, equality, fraternity) is not universally accepted in France, it is because there is no nation so frankly, so irremediably divided as France—unless it be modern Germany.

Briand, openly supported by the Socialists, pacifists, and internationalists, missed the Presidency by only a narrow margin. It is difficult to think of a major country in which such a champion of peace, reconciliation, and world organization would have had as good a chance. I doubt whether the editor of *The Nation* would be considered good Presidential timber in this republic of ours. France has her fascists and her Hitlerites, such as the *Action Française* group; they are vocal, even strident, but negligible. The French conservatives, including M. Poincaré, are no worse than the Tory diehards. The French radicals, of the Herriot-Painlevé type, are pink pills for pale people, but compare favorably with the liberals anywhere. In addition to those two moderate coalitions, committed to some form of nationalism, France has an enormous internationalist vote, for which there is no equivalent in this country. Apart from minor groups of socialistic trimmers and shilly-shalliers, the S. F. I. O. (French Section of the Workers' International) had 1,698,000 votes in 1928, out of a total of 9,351,000. Further left, the Communists polled 1,064,000. Their joint forces numbered 2,762,000, practically 30 per cent of the electorate. Naturally, Messrs. Maurras and Coty, those *abstracteurs de quintessence* who represent a handful of sophisticates, will tell us that these men in their millions are not French. A disinterested student has a right to smile. It was Bagehot, I think, who said: "'Un-English' is a perfect fallacy in one word." So is "un-French."

"France," in international affairs, means the French Government. Even when a country is ruled by a man of iron will, a Richelieu, a Napoleon, a Bismarck, a Mussolini, his actions are far less systematic than old-fashioned historians would have us believe. The most formidable of tyrants grope, fumble, and stumble. There is no Richelieu in Paris today; and there is no policy that "France" is "relentlessly" pursuing. Between the rabid traditionalists, still dreaming of hegemony, and the out-and-out Communists, who want the French Soviet Republic to federate with Moscow, we find a bewildered aggregate of politicians, "with both ears on the ground," trying to thread their precarious way between ever-shifting groups. The same confusion prevails in all free countries. In those under a dictatorship confusion is worse confounded still beneath its imperious mask. One land alone has achieved consistency, and that is ours. For the last ten years we have so resolutely refused to think and to act that, at any rate, the world knows what to expect of us—and what *not* to expect: namely, leadership.

The French policy, therefore, is not a definite plan which we can no less definitely oppose; it is a wobbly resultant of many conflicting tendencies. Varying with the delicate balance of power at home, it changes also with the shifting of partners and opponents abroad. If the French elections affect the Quai d'Orsay, so do the German elections. The France that deals with Curtius is not quite the same as the France that cooperated with Stresemann, and still another France—unpleasantly bristling, I am afraid—would face Hitler tomorrow.

Retrospectively, however, it is not impossible to plot the general lines of French diplomacy; and we may surmise that its trend will remain unchanged in the immediate future. On the whole, the tendency thus defined may be identified with Briand. It is not a powerful organized party that has kept Briand at the Foreign Office for so many years; neither is it the prestige of a commanding personality. Briand has no genius except for conciliation; he is not a driving force, only a marvelously sensitive indicator. In the recent crisis *Le Temps* and *Notre Temps,* usually poles asunder, agreed that any foreign secretary would have to follow Briand's policy; only he might do so with less experience, skill, and prestige. And Briand, in his turn, may be identified with the spirit of Locarno.

The French Nationalists had their way after 1920, not in the extreme form of a military dictatorship, but in the much milder form of legalistic Poincaréism. They went into the Ruhr: the result was that Poincaré, in 1924, lost the general elections, and that the President who had backed him, Millerand, was compelled to resign. Poincaré the financial expert came back and saved the franc; Poincaré of the Ruhr stays dead, with Millerand's corpse in the next vault. Foch was a national idol; but his political views were quietly ignored.

A Frenchman, Léon Bourgeois, had advocated and baptized the *Société des Nations* even before the war. France indorsed the Wilson League, has remained constantly loyal to it, would like to see it provided with teeth. France, "the enemy of mankind," has joined everything that promised to make for peace and conciliation: League and World Court, Protocol, Locarno, Dawes Plan, Young Plan, Kellogg Pact. France has welcomed Germany into the League, with a permanent seat in the Council. France has recognized Soviet Russia. France has proposed the United States of Europe. It is an impressive record compared with ours; in ten years we have not been able to show ourselves as bold and as liberal even as Senator Henry Cabot Lodge.

If we attempt to rationalize into a program the trend of French policy, we may come to such a result as this:

1. France wants peace more than we do, for she has suffered from war immensely more than we have. She desires disarmament more than we do, for her burden, in proportion, is heavier than ours. But she believes that peace must be based on world organization. If we do not trust one another enough to agree upon law and tribunal, how can we trust one another enough to disarm? France wants to be able *either* to carry a gun or to rely upon the police She is not unduly nervous; she has to be more cautious than we. If Mexico, with a grievance, had a population one and a half times as great as ours, if in addition Canada were a hostile country with a population equal to ours, and growing faster, if Japan's coasts were twenty miles away from ours instead of 5,000, we might see the disarmament problem in a different light. Yet we, unthreatened, maintain a navy second to none; our military expenditures are exactly double those of France ($772,984,000 to $357,556,000); France has reduced the term of service from three years to one, and the total army establishment from 790,000 in 1913 to 467,987 in 1930.

2. France stands for international law. She does not maintain that treaties should never be revised, but that they should be revised only by a peaceful and orderly process.

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The Versailles iniquity, vitiated by the use of force, is being gradually superseded by free agreements among equals. Not Versailles, but Locarno, is now France's title to her eastern frontier; and for the economic stipulations of Versailles the Dawes and Young plans were substituted.

3. As a consequence, the nations which also desire that the status quo should not be disturbed by force naturally look to France as their leader. It is not France that is grouping them in order to secure her hegemony; they are liabilities, not assets. France is safe on the Rhine; she has no desire to incur responsibilities on the Vistula. Her alleged hegemony is a myth. The hegemony of Germany in Central Europe might be very real; the territories are contiguous, and there are already many Germans on the spot, with unforgotten traditions of predominance. But France is absolutely powerless to enforce her will upon Czecho-Slovakia or Poland. They stand by her only in so far as she is defending international law.

4. If such countries as Poland, Jugoslavia, and Rumania are militarized, it is not at the instigation of France, but because they are directly threatened—by Russia, Bulgaria, Italy. With their regimes and methods France has no more sympathy than we have. But this is no reason why they should be the victims of injustice; two wrongs do not make a right. Why should Poland, for instance, lose her access to the sea, with an overwhelmingly Polish population? Why should the Magyars, a small minority in Transylvania, lord it again over the Rumanian masses? Why should Jugoslavia, which has already lost at least half a million souls and her only modern port to Italy, be entirely and forever at Italy's mercy? France is not creating a league within the League, and does not say: "My friends, right or wrong." Every question has to be examined on its own merits.

5. In the debt question France has never stopped payment to us, even at the most bitter moment of the controversy. About her commercial debt (pre-war and post-war) there has never been any question. Her contention is that the war debts properly so called form part of the general settlement, and are to be discussed in connection with the reparation problem. This is not sentiment, but common sense. We may close our eyes to the obvious facts, but the Young Plan is manifestly based upon that assumption. France refuses to admit that we shall insist upon her repaying the uttermost farthing while letting the Germans go scot-free.

The "enemy of mankind" is neither France nor Germany, neither Russia nor America. Right and wrong never exactly coincide with political boundaries. The "enemy of mankind" is neither conservatism nor radicalism; both are healthy tendencies. The "enemy of mankind" is pig-headedness masquerading as determination. The French who declare: "*Never* shall we permit the Anschluss" are the enemies of mankind. So are the Americans who say: "*Never* shall we consider the League of Nations, the war-debt problem, race equality, the recognition of Russia." So are the British who maintain: "*Never* shall we admit the freedom of the seas." Such a stern, unbending, old-Roman attitude may win cheap plaudits; but the refusal to think, the refusal to discuss, is a confession of weakness.

Pennsylvania's Bloody Mine War

By FRANK BUTLER

[In his Indianapolis speech Mr. Hoover said that during this present depression "we have had freedom from strikes, lockouts, and disorders unequaled even in prosperous times." What, then, of the grave disorders that have been spreading through the soft-coal mining region? Do these indicate that we actually have the industrial peace of which the President boasted? Below we reprint an account of one of the many battles that have been taking place between miners and police. It was written by Frank Butler and published June 23 in the ultra-conservative Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette,* a Paul Block newspaper, by whose permission we are reprinting the story. Hence it cannot be said to have come from a source biased in favor of the striking miners. According to the *Post-Gazette,* "Frank Butler, *Post-Gazette* reporter, and Chester Brown, staff photographer, witnessed yesterday morning the clash between striking miners and deputy sheriffs at the Wildwood mine, where one man was killed and twelve wounded. They were at the scene of the trouble before it began, saw every detail, and remained to pick up the dead and wounded after the shooting was over." —Editor The Nation.]

THE sun had not yet risen from behind a bank of clouds over the Wildwood hills when the first contingent of pickets, defying the order of court, appeared on the hilltop overlooking the Wildwood mine of the Butler Consolidated Coal Company. They carried an American flag in the vanguard and halted at the junction of the Wildwood and Gibsonia roads, some 500 yards distant up a steep hill from the mine.

About seven deputies were congregated at the entrance to the mine. Some had tear-gas bombs; others had revolvers, and there were a few blackjacks in evidence.

Shortly afterward the Allegheny County sheriff's wagon rolled down the hill with several additional deputies in charge of W. E. ("Silver") Braun. They alighted from the van and began to distribute shotguns among the deputies, who by this time numbered about fourteen.

The number of figures on the hillside began to increase until there were about seventy or eighty lining the roadside at the brow of the hill.

Just then an automobile drove past the throng, and a loud jeering chorus rose up and several bricks crashed against the car. It sped on down the hill and stopped at the mine. Two miners alighted from it. Both were carrying revolvers. Two of the sheriffs ran over to question them.

Another car drove past the crowd of strikers on the hilltop. Another roar of rage rose up from the strikers and again a shower of bricks was hurled. The car slid to a stop in front of the mine. Every window in it was shattered. Two of the occupants of this car also had revolvers. One of them said he had fired several shots at the crowd but did not know whether any had taken effect.

Braun ordered several of the deputies to man the sheriff's van. One of the occupants of the last car, gun in hand, asked permission to join and jumped on the back step of the van as it started up the hill. Chester Brown, *Post-Gazette* photographer,

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and myself, fearing to drive a car into the trouble zone, started across a field to make a short cut to the scene of trouble. Just as we neared the top two shots rang out. We cleared the brow of the hill and saw Herbert Reel, a deputy sheriff, backing out of an alley-way between two houses firing into about thirty or forty men and women. About eighty more miners came from behind another building on the Gibsonia road and started in the direction of Reel. The other deputies began emptying their guns into the throng and several in the front ranks were mowed down like wheat. I did not see a shot fired by the strikers. The deputies let go fusillade after fusillade of shots from pump guns and revolvers as the mob scattered and fled from the hail of bullets. In the midst of the melee one striker emerged from the throng and hurled a brick right into the muzzle of a deputy's gun. He was hit by a slug from a shotgun, spun three times, and fell to the road.

Reel rushed back to the sheriff's van, reloaded his gun, and with blood streaming down over his face rushed back to the house into which most of the rioters had fled, screaming "I'll kill every son of a —— in that house," and emptied his gun at the house. Several of the wounded tried to crawl to cover, but another rain of bullets halted them. Two men lay in pools of blood in front of a Ford sedan on the side of the road opposite the deputies. I counted thirteen bullets in it after the fighting subsided.

The shooting began to quiet down and grew sporadic. Now and then a striker would emerge from cover and attempt to reach a hiding-place. He was quickly covered by the deputies' guns and herded into the van. Charles Hasford, president of the Butler Consolidated Coal Company, was present and pointed out ring leaders of the strike as they were thrown into the van.

Five wounded were lying on the highway unnoticed by the deputies, who began to search houses and march the strikers, hands in the air, in long lines into the van. I went up to Pete Zilgarac, who later died, and felt his pulse which was racing rapidly. His face was turning a pale green and he was bleeding freely from a wound in the stomach. I turned to one of the deputies.

"You'll have to get this man to a hospital," I said. "He's pretty badly wounded." The deputy rushed past me without stopping, gun in hand, yelling at a striker to stop. Three times later I went back to the man and still no deputy gave a minute's consideration to him. Two others were lying unconscious on the road, similarly unnoticed. Not a brick had been hurled or a shot fired for fifteen minutes, and still no attention was paid to the wounded. I appealed again to get the men to a hospital and my pleas were not noticed. One man lying in the road was dragged over to a pair of steps and thrown down.

Still the manhunt for strikers went on. Several with wounds in their legs and arms were herded into the van at first, but later were sent to the hospital with others. Finally Braun commandeered a coal truck, and another newspaperman and myself began placing the wounded in it, using two automobile seats to cushion their heads. They were all moaning for water and one was writhing in agony. . . . Only one deputy helped the other reporter and myself to lift the heavy miners into the truck. The others were busy hunting down strikers with their rifles. Finally we finished the load and clanged the heavy end gate against the men, and the mine president gave orders to take them to the West Penn Hospital. A few minutes later a car drove up with another miner wounded in the abdomen, and he was given first aid by Dr. J. J. Carman and taken by a friend to the Allegheny General Hospital. Later on another miner was found hiding in a cabin about a mile away with a wound in his heel. . . .

Reel hurled a tear-gas bomb into the window of a house which a number of strikers had fled to, and then was surrounded by several other strikers who swooped down upon him. During the melee he was hit by a brick. He then backed away firing into the throng. Mingled with the curses and screams of the conflict were cries of frightened children in three houses which were sprayed with bullets during the riot. After the shooting had subsided the deputies and state police, who arrived on the scene just as the battle ended, searched one house and brought about twenty-four strikers out. Fourteen others were found hiding in the cellar of another. In all forty-one were taken into Pittsburgh to face charges and lodged in the Allegheny County jail. . . .

State police under Sergeant M. J. Crowley went after the man hiding in a house about a mile from the scene of the riot. He turned out to be Charles Adamic, one of the active organizers in the National Miners' Union. . . . One foreign woman, tears in her eyes, sobbed "If State troopers would be here no would have had all dis trouble."

When quiet was restored, deputies sought out reporters and asked them "to give the deputies a break because there's going to be a big 'stink' about this." Several times they approached me and wanted to know what I was going to say about the fight in my story.

"I'm going to check your story very closely," Reel said; "You know well that we weren't on the offensive." "Clubs wouldn't have done any good in this fight," said another, as a reporter observed he was glad the State police with their stout clubs and with their rifles left in their cars were on patrol. The State troopers walked into a house to get Adamic with their guns not drawn.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter, as his readers are aware, has drifted all over the earth. Lately, however, he has ventured, even at his advanced age, to leave the earth with increasing frequency in order to soar into the clouds, and incidentally to deceive his friends as to his age and vigor. He has flown in various countries, beginning his air experience in a Zeppelin over Berlin a year before the war. He has speeded in a day from Warsaw to Strasburg, stopping hours on the way, has looked down the funnels of numerous great liners in the Channel, and has even covered the distance from London to Frankfort-on-the-Main in four and one-half hours—perhaps a little over double the time that Hawks would take for that run. But last week he had an experience he prizes as highly as any in his flying career—he twice left the earth in an Autogiro, that American development of the epoch-making invention of Juan de la Cierva, the brilliant young Spaniard. Thomas A. Edison said when he saw this extraordinary heavier-than-air machine: "That man has the egg of Columbus," and Lord Thomson, the British air minister and most charming of men, who perished in the R-101, declared to the Drifter the day he first saw the Autogiro: "That Spaniard has solved all the difficulties of the airplane."

* * * * *

WHAT was it that pleased the Drifter most in the Autogiro? Why, the fact that he actually *drifted* in the air. Every regulation airplane has to keep going at high speed or it will begin to fall. James Ray, the veteran chief pilot of the Pitcairn Company, which owns the American Autogiro rights, stopped the ship in full flight as if he had applied four-wheel brakes and an emergency brake too,

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and the ship hovered. Of course it moved forward a little, and so it must when it makes its all but vertical descent for a landing in the manner of a feather on a windless day. Still, there it hung, and hovered, and poised like a bird, with the Drifter amazed and marveling, at so low an altitude as to have made the pilot of an ordinary plane shiver in his shoes lest his engine fail him. But the Autogiro's rotor, those long, flexible, horizontal blades spinning at 125 r.p.m. overhead and themselves able to move up and down and horizontally, too, continued to rotate, and the plane to hover until Mr. Ray speeded up the machine and went on. The Drifter felt not the slightest sensation of fear or anxiety as the plane stood still, and he confesses that on other occasions the sudden slowing down of the engine of the old-type plane has caused his heart to miss a beat. But the Autogiro falls not, neither does it spin—tail or otherwise. Its rotor is largely one piece, machine-made, and its blades move steadily as long as the ship goes ahead, though the rotor has no motive power of its own and no connection with the engine save through its starter. It is the air pressure which makes the rotor turn, with its doubly-hinged blades.

* * * * *

SO Señor de la Cierva dreamed a dream and made it come true. At fourteen he began to play with gliders. At seventeen he and two pals assembled the first airplane put together in Spain, out of the wreck of a crashed plane. By the time he was twenty-four he had built the first bomber constructed in Spain—it was the second tri-motor plane ever constructed in the world—only to see it crash to pieces at the hands of a highly experienced pilot through a bit of over-confidence in the take-off. Thereupon this young, romantic Columbus decided that it was time for him to take the dangers out of flying by making possible an immediate and safe ascent for airplanes, an easy, safe, and vertical landing, plus the ability to all but stop and to fly so low that one can drop a bundle of newspapers and hurry on to the next news-stand. There at Pitcairn field they rise so easily that the pilots sometimes fly to their restaurant—the restaurant to which they took the Drifter—some 500 yards away, and land in its meadow rather than transfer to their autos! Fine fellows these pilots. The Drifter liked their clean-cut faces, their lean shanks and lithe bodies, and noticed they had the faces of the pioneers he used to meet in the Far West years and years ago when he was a boy and rode for weeks where roamed only antelopes and deer and elk and moose and unpleasantly inquisitive bears. And they *are* pioneers, these pioneers and henchmen of de la Cierva. It was Ray, for example, who landed an Autogiro on the rear lawn of the White House just after President Hoover had handed the Collier trophy for the year's greatest achievement in aviation to Harold Pitcairn. It was Ray, too, who was scheduled to land a plane on a tall building in the heart of Philadelphia the afternoon the Drifter flew with him.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is more than ever sorry he is so old. Else, he would beg, borrow, or steal the wherewithal to buy himself the airplane with the horizontal-bladed windmill, this coffee-mill of the air, with which to fly and hover and drift aloft, and thus more than ever merit his name—

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Neglected Socialist

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Can you or your readers furnish me with information regarding the later life of the early English Socialist John Francis Bray? Bray wrote, during the Chartist movement in the late thirties of the last century, a book called "Labour's Wrongs and Labour's Remedy," which was published in Leeds in 1839, and which became one of the chief classics in early Socialist propaganda. Bray himself was born in the United States (probably in Boston) about 1809. In 1822 his father brought him to England, and the boy was apprenticed to a printer. During the thirties Bray became a prominent speaker amongst the Chartists, and this was when his book was written.

From some correspondence which has survived, it seems probable that Bray went back to America in 1842, and in 1846 he owned a farm at Lapeer, Michigan. In 1851 he removed to Pontiac, where he worked on a newspaper, and then, in 1856, we hear of him at Detroit, Michigan, where he had two years before given up the job of foreman of a daily newspaper.

For over thirty years we have no news of what happened to him; but about 1890 a Leeds printer, Mr. Patty, found—to use Patty's description—"his old friend Bray living within sound of the Falls of Niagara. He was now an old man, his face covered with a mass of grizzled hair which gave him the look of an old lion. He was earning his living by raising strawberries for market, and working occasionally for the papers."

A Leeds friend of mine, Mr. Mattison, who is, besides being a Socialist, an authority on the history of Leeds, has been carrying out a number of inquiries about Bray's life in England, and has asked me to do the same for his life in the United States. Mr. Mattison states that some years ago he had a cutting descriptive of Bray from an American paper in the early nineties. The article styled him "the oldest Socialist in the world," and among other things mentioned that he had been nominated for Governor of his State.

I am writing to ask, therefore, if you or any of your readers can give me information about Bray's life in the United States from 1842 onwards. Both Mr. Mattison and myself would be very grateful for any such information, which may be sent to me at 5 Wensley Grove, Scott Hall Road, Chapel Allerton, Leeds.

Leeds, England, June 1 A. LYLES

The Amalgamation Complex

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the review of General Pershing's book in your issue of May 20 there appear these remarkable words: "No American wanted to be amalgamated with the British; and amalgamation with the French offered special difficulties . . ."

I take this sentence to mean that there was no sentimental objection to amalgamation with the French but that such objection did exist to amalgamation with us. Now, can you tell me why? Am I not to be puzzled when day after day in English papers I read how friendly at bottom are the peoples of the United States and the British Empire? And yet they cannot amalgamate to subdue a common foe! That they are more different from one another than Australian and Japanese

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is what this review implies, for a Japanese cruiser formed a unit in the convoy from Adelaide to Plymouth in 1914 when the first 25,000 Australasian troops came to our help and thought it no dishonor to be "amalgamated" with us.

I asked a Canadian acquaintance about this difficulty and suggested that it was caused by the feeling of the Americans that they might be considered inferior if they were not rather aloof. He replied that the inferiority complex, if it existed, was perhaps on the other side of the Atlantic. With that I closed the conversation.

London, June 15 F. M. KENYON

English as Taught

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The editorial, Small Latin, Less Greek, which appeared in *The Nation* of May 27, contains some just criticism. In commenting upon Yale's decision the editorial makes this observation: "For it cannot be denied that a good part of the popular revolt against the classics is due to the ineptitude with which they are taught. . . . Surely there is something wrong here."

These words apply with equal force to the teaching of English. If English is a subject painful alike to study and to teach, this is because the language now is, and always has been, misrepresented in the school textbooks. The subject as taught imparts not the least inkling that English is a highly specialized, individualized, and simplified language—the most adaptable and the most logically constructed of all. Compared to it Latin and Greek are barbarous tongues. Its beauty, however, lies buried under a dead weight of meaningless terms, rules, and definitions taken from Latin and Greek grammar. It must be freed from these foreign entanglements if our students are ever to gain any understanding of their own language. Otherwise, I fear, Yale University (and others) will have to drop English too from the curriculum.

Milwaukie, Ore., May 29 HERMAN LEDDING

Walt Whitman

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am engaged in writing a book on Whitman and the Civil War. I should very much like to hear from collectors who possess Whitman manuscripts, letters, notebooks, or diaries which throw any light on his activity during the war. I am particularly interested in unpublished material. Any material sent will be copied and carefully returned. If the original is too valuable to be forwarded by mail, I should appreciate an exact copy. My address is 4130 Parkside Avenue, Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, June 9 CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG

MacLeod Again

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of May 6 you published a letter from Norman Macleod saying that he did not write "German Lyric Poetry," as stated in your issue of April 1, but that "the Norman Macleod who did is, I think, an Englishman."

Shades of Skye and Lewis and Harris, not to mention Dunvegan, for a person named Norman Macleod to call another of like name an "Englishman"!

Honolulu, June 6 A. S. MACLEOD

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See pages iii, iv and v for SUMMER advertising.

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Books and Films

There Might Be Glory in the Night

By ANNE HAMILTON

Across the mesh of feathered pine
The moon has drifted unconcerned;
Three times the hungry owl has gone,
And three times furtively returned.
The shadow of the wicket gate
By inches eats the whitened road;
I sit and watch the flaccid hours
Bend beneath their overload.

There might be glory in the night
And rich exultancy to wait
In arrogance of certainty
For some swift hand upon that gate;
But never splendor in the sky,
Nor ever joy to comfort one
Who sits in terror through the dark
To see the rising of the sun!

A Puzzle for Politicians

Filipino Immigration. By Bruno Lasker. University of Chicago Press. $4.

ARE we going to exclude Filipinos from residence in this country? And if we do, are we going thereby to commit ourselves to independence for the Philippine Islands? Perhaps the first action does not inevitably compel the second, but it is admitted by all shades of opinion that it greatly strengthens the argument for it. And as, in a general way, exclusionists are against independence and anti-exclusionists for it, we are cheek by jowl with a delicate issue, not to say dilemma.

In other ways, too, it is apparent that although the Filipinos are a lesser breed without the law, the proposal to exclude them raises questions possibly more far-reaching than any that have developed in the history of American immigration. We cannot legislate against Filipinos without repercussions upon our foreign relations with the entire Far East, without upsetting the situation in Hawaii, and without reference to our peculiar obligations toward the people of the Philippine Islands as our political wards for the past third of a century.

For three years there has been a bill before Congress for the exclusion of Filipino immigrants, the pressure for enacting which has grown with the increasing severity of our industrial depression. Filipinos, it must be recalled, are not American citizens but "nationals" of the United States. The Department of State uses the word to mean a kind of halfway limbo between American citizenship and allegiance to a foreign Power —with the disadvantages of each and the privileges of neither— but the legal status of a "national" never has been precisely defined. The proposed exclusion legislation would get around the difficulty by declaring Filipinos to be aliens.

In view of the importance of the issue and the many misconceptions surrounding it, the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations commissioned Mr. Lasker to make the study which has resulted in the present book. The council does not take a position either for or against Philippine independence or Filipino exclusion, nor does Mr. Lasker. He set out to assemble available material as one would the pros and cons of a debate, and has done the delicate task with impartiality and intelligence. His book might have been more exciting if it had been more passionate, but it would have been less useful. It will be presented next autumn as a report to the conference in China of the Institute of Pacific Relations, and it should serve a wider audience as a source of reliable facts upon which to base opinion and action.

Most Americans, Mr. Lasker remarks in beginning his book, do not recognize a Filipino. Filipinos have been coming to the United States in appreciable numbers for several years, but generally—except perhaps on the Pacific Coast—have been taken to be Japanese or Spanish Americans. Only recently—with the considerable infiltration of Filipinos into hotel and restaurant service in the East—has awareness of the fact been dawning. Filipino immigration to the United States began in noticeable volume only a few years after the end of the World War. The census of 1920 counted 5,603 Filipinos in the United States. Mr. Lasker estimates that there are 60,000 of them here today and 75,000 in Hawaii. The great majority (nine-tenths on the mainland) are males and most of them (four-fifths on the mainland) are under thirty years of age. An insignificant number of Filipinos come to the United States with the intention of remaining permanently, but actually only one immigrant in fifteen has returned home. Probably four-fifths of the arrivals have remained on the Pacific Coast.

Mr. Lasker points out, as others have noted, that whereas objection to Chinese and Japanese was almost wholly economic, the feeling against Filipinos has been, in predominating degree, social. The Filipino young man has spoken our language, dressed well, and had agreeable manners. He has seen no reason why he should not associate on terms of equality with American girls, nor have they—until in recent years somebody has told them the contrary. Mr. Lasker reports that the best-informed opinion does not find that Filipino young men differ much in their attitude toward women from that of other young men in the communities where they find themselves (unfortunately Mr. Lasker does not tell us what that is), although sometimes Filipinos fail to sense the delicate distinctions which conventional American opinion draws between liberty and license in sex relations. Can you blame them?

It has been a stock charge against succeeding waves of immigration to this country that they have been unassimilable. The Filipino has broken the tradition. And a lot of good it has done him. His reward is a hue and cry to keep him on his side of the Pacific because he is too assimilable.

ARTHUR WARNER

A Minor Epic

From Day to Day. By Ferdynand Goetel. Translated by Winifred Cooper. The Viking Press. $2.50.

TECHNICALLY "From Day to Day" relies a great deal on clever management, and its theatricality is surprisingly reminiscent of Pirandello's best effects, where every hiatus in thought and motivation is overlaid by a new emotional surprise. Again as in the plays of the Italian dramatist, the tense absorption in the events of this novel does not seem quite justified by a later analysis in which one asks oneself the very pertinent question: "What has the author been trying to say?" Perhaps Ferdynand Goetel knows what he wants to say, and perhaps he has merely devised a new trap

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for unwary emotions—his own as well as the reader's. But if the latter is the case, the trap is a clever one, and deftly sprung it catches and holds the reader at once in the tense atmosphere of this tale within a tale. And this, after all, is exactly as it should be, since in a world where every story has been told not once but a thousand times, it is chiefly the manner of telling it that counts.

What marks Mr. Goetel's work for considerable excellence is, again, his mastery of two styles in one book, which instead of clashing and confusing the issues, as ordinarily happens, serve to offset each other rhythmically just as they distinguish the two parts of his tale. One part—the prose part one might call it—is the diary of the author's life from day to day in Cracow, of his struggle with his literary as well as his more living problems. The other—the poetic—conveniently italicized, is the novel itself—the deep, rich, and tragic background against which the author's emotional life is set even as his diary is set against a more sensitive rhythm.

And both parts of the tale are apt enough, and pointed. There may not be a great deal to choose between a day-to-day recital of light living and loose thinking in a modern Polish city and a Hemingway allegory derived from the thoughtful perception that everything that is round is probably a doughnut, but the technique in either case is exquisite. The hero of the diary is laid fairly flat on the canvas so that his surroundings may appear in comparative relief, and the result is an interesting story. The novel itself is, of course, romance, an entirely creditable if much discountenanced approach to the problems of art, and one which gains in richness and color by contrast with the drab hues of the diary. To this combination the book owes its flavor, both of reality and of art. What all but destroys the illusion at the end is again a technical question—the forced abruptness of having two climaxes, one in the author's story and the other in the diary of his contemporary life, occur simultaneously, and the difficulty of thereafter rescuing a legitimate ending from the debris.

This may be merely the thorn on the rose bush, or it may linger on in the reader's mind as a question of the validity of Mr. Goetel's technique, since it seems to have got out of hand badly toward the end. But what one is most aware of, after all, on finishing "From Day to Day," is the actual participation in experience. Far from discipleship in the school that insists on serving up its slices of life in the raw, Mr. Goetel's book illustrates the point that good prose is not the arch enemy of good fiction. His story within a story is a formidable conquest of style over the unyielding forms of memory, and it is chiefly when it is checked against the loose and exclamatory prose of the diary that it achieves the heights of a minor epic.

EUGENE LÖHRKE

Primitive People of the North

Eskimo: An Epic of the North. By Peter Freuchen. Translated by A. Paul Maerker-Branden and Elsa Branden. Horace Liveright. $3.

Turi's Book of Lappland. By Johan Turi. Edited and Translated into Danish by Emilie Demant Hatt. Translated from the Danish by E. Gee Nash. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

ONLY the simultaneous appearance of these two books prevents me from hailing either one as the best book which has yet appeared dealing with the life and attitudes of the primitive peoples of the North. Yet the two are so different as to merit comparison only in terms of provenience and great excellence. "Eskimo" is a story told by a white man who lived for many years among the Eskimos. It is not ethnography, yet it is filled with interesting details of social customs and native craftsmanship, all subordinated, however, to the central theme—the story of a man who stood, physically and mentally, head and shoulders above his fellows. It is the only perfectly satisfactory attempt to treat a primitive people novelistically that I have ever read; the motivations, the conversations, the scenes all ring true. It is an accomplishment beside which books like "Batouala" of a few years ago seem grotesque.

"Eskimo" is no tale of a simple, superstitious-minded folk; it is a story of pride and violence, of the attempt of a strong man to dominate his fellows, of the ineradicable hurt given his pride and self-confidence by an encounter with white men from outside, and of the persistent dogged courage with which he works his way back into an almost incredibly isolated self-sufficiency. All through the story the reader is given invaluable insight into the psychology of a people who seem singularly little subject to any sort of complex culture. A man needs a wife; there are no unmarried women; so he takes the wife of a weaker man. A woman's husband goes away and leaves her in the charge of another; the husband is gone a year and the woman becomes the wife of the guardian; her husband returns, she greets him without enthusiasm and without comment, but after he has taken her, she is again unhesitatingly his. An orphan boy grows to manhood in the house of his foster-father; grown strong as his foster-father ages, he establishes his independence by a lucky blow which saves his foster-father's life; he demonstrates his independence by running away with his foster-father's favorite and youngest wife. Dark and slightly understood aspects of Eskimo life are lit up, as in the scene of the old grandmother who feels that she is no longer able to travel and commands her son to build her a snow hut in which she lies, walled in and dying, while her grandchildren's voices faintly pierce the snow walls. The isolated Eskimo household, held to no special locality, a traveling world of its own, is a splendid setting for the drama of struggle between a father and son—the struggle which psychoanalysts are so fond of to explain life in more complex societies. The subtler tragedy of the exceptional personality dependent on physical gifts to assert its natural right to power is as well told here as in more sophisticated novels.

"Turi's Book of Lappland" is of a different genre. It is the story of a primitive Lapp set down in his own language, which he had learned to write only after attaining manhood. Mrs. Hatt, the editor, has performed a tireless labor of love in drawing out Turi, selecting from his gifted story-telling those incidents most worth recording, and encouraging him in the long task of writing them down. The result is unique; we have the quiet detailed comments of a philosophic and completely unspoiled mind upon the difficulties and delights of daily life. However, the personal drama so conspicuous in "Eskimo" is completely lacking here. This is the story of a people who have been pushed ever back into more and more inhospitable country, where the daily struggle for existence is almost beyond human endurance. Turi's comment, although matter of fact, is strangely moving:

> And when it is cold the tent cloth stiffens so that you can't fold it, and you have to dry it on the poles . . . and dry, too, all the clothes the folk have on, for those who have been out have their clothing wet through to the skin and they are so frozen that their legs swell and will hardly bend, and if they . . . can't get a fire they freeze to death. . . . During the Lapp migrations, and while they are watching reindeer, it often happens that a woman bears a child, and then there is nothing to do but to tuck it into her tunic and go on till she reaches the tents. . . . But if a woman is in camp she can go to bed when she has borne her child. . . . And if the woman does not get frozen, then she is well again in a week's time.

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There is page after page of uncomplaining and fatalistic comment on all the illnesses and mishaps that the Fell-Lapp and his reindeer are exposed to—the cold of the winter, the lack of fuel and clothing, the diseases of the summer. All the slight signs by which the weather is told and all the magical significances of natural happenings are combined with matter-of-fact descriptions of incredible things. The unfamiliar detail, the precision with which sensation and portent are set down make this portrayal of primitive stoicism well worth reading.

MARGARET MEAD

The Test of the Teaching

Seven Types of Ambiguity. By William Empson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

WE the more eagerly scan Mr. Empson's study of figurative language—"ambiguity"—in English verse, as the first published product of the teaching of I. A. Richards, who, as the author's "supervisor for the first part of the English tripos," told him to write this essay. In the pupil we discern an eager timidity on the trail of the master: a determined thoroughness in analysis, which moves toward distinctions without differences, and a profuseness of apology for the details and the overlapping that makes one impatient with what might otherwise draw one on.

The ambiguities Mr. Empson considers range from the use of one word in several ways at once, through the use of several devices that mean one thing, to the use of a word in opposite senses, "so that the total effect is to show a fundamental division in the author's mind." The body of the book is devoted to analyses of possible meanings, so detailed as to defy adequate quotation. For the first type, Jonson's poem on "Pan's Anniversary" tells us:

> But when he frowns the sheep, alas,
> The shepherds wither, and the grass.

The tail of the discussion points out that the "grass" here may mean:

> "Men die like flies in the presence of His Majesty; one single tantrum from James leaves them nowhere" (I have the Bible behind me in saying this), and there is a hint of the Divine Right of Kings; or "a frown from James is to be expected at regular intervals, like winter; it should be accepted with resignation, and thought of as a type of the paths of mortality"; or regarding *grass* as an indifferent pastoral object, "after James has lost his temper the whole landscape is wiped out, including anything you like to mention"; or regarding it as something quite tough in the field, "a single frown from James quite permanently injures the subsoil of the neighborhood." The grace, the pathos, the "sheer song" of the couplet is given by a break in the voice, an enforced subtlety of intonation, from the difficulty of saying all these at once.

For the seventh type, Claudio in "Measure for Measure" speaks of his stainless sister:

> In her youth
> There is a prone and speechlesse dialect
> Such as move men.

> *Prone* means either "inactive and lying flat" (in retirement or with a lover) or "active," whether as *moving men*, by her subtlety or by her purity, or as *moving* in herself, for pleasure or to do good. *Speechlesse* will not give away whether she is shy or sly, and *dialect* has abandoned the effort to distinguish between them. The last half-line makes its point calmly, with an air of knowing about such cases; and, indeed, I feel very indelicate in explaining Claudio's meaning.

Mr. Empson must pause many times to admit that the reader need not, should not, hold all these possibilities separate in his mind while reading the poem; but from the sense that they are there rises the "ambiguity," the suggestiveness, the concentration of the verse. Some effective illustrations emphasize the part syntax may play in such concision; or puns—more subtle than Shakespeare's—

> Golden lads and girls all must,
> As chimney-sweepers, come to dust . . .

And there is good reminder of the Elizabethan repetition with a difference: "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," "the whips and scorn of Time," "in the dead wast and middle of the night" (which last strengthens its effect by a misspelling: waste, waist, vast).

The connotations of words, out of their source and history, make interesting study, and add to the poet's resources. This is as obvious as the recording of every possible association is absurd. After listing fourteen senses of Chaucer's word "lese," Mr. Empson adds, "I have put down most of the meanings for fun"; yet he is constantly as ready with far-drawn linkings, and the value of any suggestion lies in our feeling the force of it.

When James Joyce writes of mankind as developing "from atoms to if's," "Adam and Eve" lies buried in the movement from matter to metaphysics; but surely poetry is not to be reduced to such a guessing game. These eager analysts are in danger of destroying their work by proving too much. One who has read the poem they probe is likely to protest: "I understood it until you explained it to me!"

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

Two Immortals

Goethe and Beethoven. By Romain Rolland. Translated by G. A. Pfister and E. S. Kemp. Harper and Brothers. $5.

DESCRIBED as a "magnificent dual portrait of two geniuses and the woman who loved them both," this book is in fact a hastily thrown together and careless assortment of the material for half a dozen magazine articles, badly prepared, badly translated, and pretentiously issued. There are some interesting anecdotes and quotations from letters, hidden away in the appendix, and several handsome illustrations, but the body of the book is dull, sentimental, and unimportant. The appendix is full of things that should have been worked into the book itself, and although margins are wide, type is large, and price is correspondingly high, so essential a thing as an index has been entirely omitted.

Rolland's attitude toward Beethoven is one of all-comprehending sympathy; toward Goethe, one of reserved disapproval. Beethoven emerges from the book a hero; Goethe a bit of a snob. Perhaps it is the pontifical and sentimental tone of Rolland's pronouncements that makes them especially annoying: "My blame is reserved for Zelter, the faithful but timid friend. For mediocrity cannot claim the excuses which we make for genius. If mediocrity be not good and loyal, what else can be said for it?" "The conclusion to which I have come is this: of the two men, the exalted and often-wavering Beethoven-Dionysus and Goethe the Olympian, it is Goethe who concealed the greater moral weakness." "I too have heard Clara Schumann speak of the old Goethe who raised her higher on her chair, so that her baby hands could reach the keys. 'N'ai-je point vu Goethe?'"

The translators offend in several directions. Distrusting, rightly enough, their own accuracy, they give nearly every other word of a quotation from the German in its original language,

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whether the English word is an exact equivalent—as it often is—or not. Thus one gets passages like this: "What devilish work (*Was für Teufelszeug*)! And here, again, what charm (*Anmuth*) and splendor (*Herrlichkeit*) this fellow (*Kerl*) has produced!" Their translations are often unbelievably clumsy and sometimes quite inaccurate: "'Lieder an die ferne Geliebte' (To the beloved distant)."

Occasionally the translators take a thought from the original and sentimentalize it so that it is hardly recognizable: when Mendelssohn plays for Goethe a piano arrangement of the first movement of Beethoven's C-minor symphony, Goethe remarks: "Und wenn das nun alle die Menschen zusammen spielen." This is translated as "Supposing the whole of mankind played it at once," whereas "alle die Menschen" almost certainly refers to "all the men" in the orchestra, and Goethe doubtless meant: "If that's what it sounds like on the piano, imagine what a noise it must make in the orchestra!"

The sloppiness of M. Rolland and the inadequacy of the translators have not been helped by the editorial carelessness of the publishers, with the result that while "Goethe and Beethoven" is a very pretty book, it is far from a good one.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Closet Fiction

Werther's Younger Brother. Anonymous. New York: Carrefour Editions. $2.50.

THIS is one of the first publications of that group of writers who prefer to remain anonymous—not only because they wish to establish "the art as the ideal, not the ego," but because, knowing that what they have to say is not what the general public wants, they hope, by forming a minority alliance, to create a special public of their own. Their scheme, in other words, is idealistic, and they hope it is practical too.

"Werther's Younger Brother" is the notebook soliloquy of an unusually introspective Jewish (unless I am greatly mistaken) student. The author aptly calls him "half a Hamlet, a Hamlet with only Hamlet, dreaming his soliloquy in a Denmark of the mind." Thus he is in love with his brother's wife and on several occasions seems to be in close relations with her. Once he tells her to "lie close" to him, another time he has "murdered" her. But invariably it turns out that he is only thinking or dreaming about her. As the inner life, therefore, of a particularly timid adolescent—one, moreover, who gives his timidity a dramatic turn and suggests finally that despite his hue and cry about his "suffering," nothing, not even that, means very much to him—this book surely has its ridiculous side.

But it has its merits also. It is the work of a tidy, dextrous stylist. There are some excellent lines. And it shows an understanding, as though by some age-old inheritance, of the inner meaning of things. If only because it deals so expertly, so traditionally with the inner life, it may be considered something of a novelty in American literature.

It will be taken to task for just that which makes it particularly appropriate as the publication of a minority group—its lack of universality. It is true that only a few earnest readers could be expected to take an interest in it. It has neither sensuous appeal nor story-telling charm. Yet I may say that I enjoyed it more than another story, of about the same length, which I read at about the same time and which recently won for its author a large sum of money and a good deal of attention. The other story invited me into it with much more skill; it had action, color, suspense; but in the middle it began to grow thin; I saw that it was second-hand and that its author understood but few of its essential implications. As I closed the prize-winner I realized that the modest anonymous volume had been a more interesting experience. (It is not, by the way, an introspective novel of the old-fashioned voluminous kind, but a dainty piece of classicism. If it had been written in France it might have had a vogue.)

It is dangerous to take a hard-boiled attitude toward work of this kind—let us call it closet fiction. Doubtless we are right in assuming that literature that is universal in significance will eventually make itself known to us all (though we must remember that most of the masterpieces of the twentieth century have not even yet been read by more than a few thousand). But if only because the organization of a minority is so important to all intellectuals, work of this kind should be encouraged. It is a breeze in the right direction, and God knows a hurricane is blowing the other way.

GERALD SYKES

Optimism Through Paradox

Paradoxy, the Destiny of Modern Thought. By Richard Rothschild. Richard Smith. $3.

PARADOXY may prove more important as a portent than in itself. It is one man's honest and thoughtful attempt to find a meaning in existence. It poses again the old questions with which we shall doubtless never cease to be concerned: Is reality, as we call it, fact or fancy? Do we dream or wake when we trust the evidence of the senses? What is there to which we can hold fast in a shifting world? And newer questions: What shall we do about the problems which science shows no disposition to answer? Are science and the scientific approach to life, with its rules of observation and experimentation, any more than another faith, the latest convention by which men agree to play out the game they will never really comprehend?

It is Mr. Rothschild's contention that we need philosophy today as a major factor in our lives. The portentous quality of his book lies in his optimistic approach to the problems of life. His is not the philosophy of despair. He does not belong among the negativists who, seeing no hope anywhere and agreeing that man is a tormented, fantastic creature without hope of harmony in his life and with no other end than that of the worm's, nevertheless incomprehensibly exhort us to live according to a patterned decency and to die like gentlemen. It would seem that we have for some several years past been reading all the despairing futility possible into our circumstances and that we must now automatically swing back to a more positive and even hopeful attitude. It is possible that the next years will offer interesting opportunities to observe the building up of new, or adapted, illusions which will serve to make living seem again a tolerable, perhaps even a satisfactory and a reasonable performance.

Mr. Rothschild's affirmation is religious, based upon the logical steps of his philosophy. From the study of the self, the structure of reality, and the similarities of fact and fancy, he follows the Kantian progression from the knowledge of self to knowledge of the world and finally of God. The will is the fundamental fatality illustrating the now famous second law of thermodynamics. The will is directive in time, always going forward and the one thing over which we have no control. The destiny of the will is to push continually toward the synthesizing of higher and higher unity. A Supreme Being gathers together our several unities into a supreme unity just as we gather together lesser unities.

Only by assuming such a being can we conceive of our own individualities. Just as the parts of a chair are discrete elements until synthesized in our consciousness, so would the individual

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be merely a formal construction of discrete characters unless there were a synthesizing being to give *him* unity and life, and as a part of which alone he can live a practical, meaningful life. Science can never be the ultimate unity, for it recognizes only the mystery of the unknown and ignores the unknowable in which man finds his own soul. All life is a balance between opposites; all life is paradoxical; we strive toward deeper insight while cut off by nature from the possibility of any deep insight. But beyond the basic antinomy of existence is the mystic unity, non-paradoxical, the only certainty. Our urge toward the infinite, in relation to which alone the whole objective world gains its very meaning, toward an ultimate purpose, represents on the plane of practical living what we know in the intellectual world as the interest in philosophy itself.

Mr. Rothschild's is a wholly admirable attempt at furthering the desired synthesis of life. That his logic does not hold for me, nor his philosophy warm, nor his immortality as continuance in the Supreme Consciousness comfort me in any wise against this uncertain, brief, ignoble span of years, is but my misfortune.

LORINE PRUETTE

Books in Brief

Selected Poems of William Vaughn Moody. Edited by Robert Morss Lovett. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

William Vaughn Moody, born in 1869 and dying in 1910, was a poet whose attainments were all but obscured in the rush toward rebellion of the so-called American renaissance. Now that the dust of that agitation has settled and we are again praising the more intellectual aspects of poetry, now that eccentricity of manner is no longer at a premium, we may read Mr. Moody with less obscured appreciation. Despite his rhetorical manner, his more personal poems are authentic. The Daguerreotype and The Death of Eve are finely sustained in their intensities. Certain of the lyrics from the Masque of Judgment—those in particular which deal with the theme of death (a theme which, because of his long illness, was very personal at the time)—are very good poems. The occasional poems still tire us, but the shorter, more directly conceived and felt poems show good workmanship and sincerity of emotion. Certainly some of Moody's poems will endure. In an admirable introduction, Mr. Lovett, Moody's intimate friend, gives a very interesting biography of this sensitive boy and man. We learn in detail of his Harvard days, days when Harvard meant the companionship of such men as George Santayana, George Pierce Baker, and others. We hear of his struggles as an instructor in Chicago University, his efforts to do his best both as teacher and writer. His friendships, his enthusiasms, his comments on his travels all reveal the spirit of the man. Finally came his long and fatal illness. Fortunately, these last years were free from teaching and Moody could give what energy he had to writing; he had achieved financial independence by writing "The Great Divide."

Whitegates. By Orgill Mackenzie. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

This volume contains the first stories and poems of a remarkable new talent out of Scotland. The verses have charm and simplicity, coupled often with a touch of mysticism and madness. The element of fear and of Northland mystery is strong in the work. It is the stories, however, which make the publication of this volume an event of more than passing interest. One may be reminded of Katherine Mansfield, of Coppard, and others because of their quality, but the tone in its finer shades is new to us and the voice a very lovely one. A Chicken, Something Different, and Aunt Jessica are tales that would not be out of place in any anthology of the best modern short stories. Miss Mackenzie is an artist in her prose. Better still, she is touched with the increasingly rare gift for story-telling.

New Discoveries Relating to the Antiquity of Man. By Sir Arthur Keith. W. W. Norton and Company. $5.

In this very excellent book Sir Arthur continues the story of ancient man begun in "The Antiquity of Man." Numerous important discoveries of human fossils and cultural remains have been made in many parts of the world since the last edition of the earlier work appeared, and these are described clearly and in detail. The story of man's evolution has been made a little less fragmentary. The widespread distribution of Neanderthal man throughout Europe and Palestine receives further confirmation, and again the enigmatic appearance of modern man presents itself to puzzle anthropologists. Sir Arthur finds increased reason to designate the southwestern corner of Asia as the birthplace of modern man. He carefully develops the significance of each new discovery, carrying the reader along in the reasoning that has determined his conclusions. When authorities disagree, both sides are presented, and the reader can follow the reasoning that has prompted the divergent opinions. This book summarizes many interesting facts, and—what is of equal importance—it presents a superb illustration of scientific method.

Eastward Ho! By Foster Rhea Dulles. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

Taking his material from Hakluyt, Mr. Dulles gives here a spirited account of the British merchant navigators whose work, less spectacular than that of Drake and Hawkins, contributed perhaps more importantly to world intercourse and to the development of the British Empire. Lured on by the hopes of reaching the rich East by a Northwest passage, the first English navigators found themselves in the White Sea with the great Russian trade in their hands. The lure of the East led them on, and when overland trade with China through Russia proved impossible they followed the Spanish and Portuguese around the Cape of Good Hope and soon beat them out of the Indian Ocean. This traffic created the British East India Company and founded the British Empire. Mr. Dulles's style is compact and vigorous. In this book and its companion volume on Yankee enterprise in the first half of the nineteenth century, "The Old China Trade," he has given us two very interesting books on the history of navigation and trade.

Kinds of Love. By Max Eastman. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

This is a collection of all the poems Mr. Eastman chooses to preserve—there are many new poems and many from earlier volumes. Taken all in all they prove conclusively that Mr. Eastman's poetry is derivative and conventional, decidedly of the older schools. His philosophy is that there is no absolute value except in having experience; his poetry is a reflection of this philosophy, and each poem in turn is a specific record of a personal experience. Hence the title, a title which is somewhat misleading, for the book contains many poems that have to do rather with the love of life than with any more personal emotion. Mr. Eastman's book "The Enjoyment of Poetry" has had so wide a fame that there will be many readers interested in the author's self-expression in verse. In general, however, his critical power as shown in that book is superior to his creative ability as shown in this volume of poetry.

Don Juan. By Joseph Delteil. Translated by Kay Boyle. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

This hotly perfumed, stylized reworking of the Don Juan legend has possible allegorical implications, but aside from certain

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deftly fashioned episodes, like the attack on the youthful Don Juan by the washerwomen and the acts and thoughts of the elderly roué after his conversion, the retelling is thinly drawn out and of no great distinction. The translation is an excellent example of the ability of one stylist to reproduce the qualities and exactitudes of a stylist in another language.

Shakespeare's Hamlet. The First Quarto: 1603. Reproduced in Facsimile from the Copy in the Henry E. Huntington Library. Harvard University Press. $4.

This is of course not the first reproduction in facsimile of "Hamlet," 1603, but it is the only one now readily available, since its predecessors have become both rare and expensive. It is to be hoped that the Harvard Press and the Huntington Library will combine to keep the present volume long in print. The work of reproduction has been carefully done, and the book is in itself as comely as it is valuable.

Russian Dance of Death. By Dirk Gora. Claremont, California: Key Book Publishers.

A teacher's diary records the horrors of death and destruction which overtook Dutch settlers in the Ukraine in the chaotic period after the World War. The simplicity of the narrative is moving, sometimes overpowering, in spite of the schoolmaster air certain passages have; and its authenticity never seems doubtful. As a document it is certainly valuable. As literature its directness alone makes it worth reading.

The Jewel. By Claire Goll. Translated by Pierre Loving. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A serving girl from the French provinces who suffers and suffers and suffers, with pitying comments thrown in by the author, conceives a child by her Parisian employer, suffers again, and finally loses her position, her child, and her life. The obvious intention of this translated novel to be "brutal" and "realistic" with a vengeance reduces its effect to that of any "yellow-backed" novel occasionally distinguished by forceful writing.

His Monkey Wife, or Married to a Chimp. By John Collier. D. Appleton and Company. $2.

A sometimes witty, sometimes confusing style adorns this fantasy of a monkey whose devotion to her English master gives her the inspiration to learn the language, to read in the British Museum, and finally to win the master for herself away from his bluestocking fiancée. Unfortunately, most of the delightful qualities of the book lie in the statement of the fantasy, and not in its elaboration into a novel. The obvious comparison it invites is with "Lady into Fox" or even "Memoirs of a Midget," and such comparison leaves the story of the refined monkey far in the rear.

Portrait by Caroline. By Sylvia Thompson. Little, Brown, and Company. $2.50.

The eternal triangle is here handled intelligently and with a certain distinction, but it seems doubtful if Miss Thompson has succeeded in conveying to us much of beauty or newness or subtlety of approach in the realm of the emotions, particularly in that sphere which involves the relations between the sexes. There are some good conversations and a few moving scenes. The characters live and move, all excellently normal. But many of the episodes—the poker game is a glaring example—do not carry conviction. And the whole resolves itself into a problem drama which matters enormously, we are given to understand, to the people concerned, but which concerns *us* very little. Why should Caroline leave or want to leave her husband and her delightful (thanks to Miss Thompson) little girl-child, Anne? Why should she want Peter? The author has not made us comprehend this passion—or even believe in it. She has taken an "affair" which never had in it the making of a drama, dignified it, and tried to convince us of its inner significance. The novel, in spite of a number of entertaining passages, remains singularly unimportant.

Films

Love and Sex

THE change of seasons is not supposed to have any effect on the quality of the movies, so it is impossible to blame the summer weather for the fare that has been offered to the public during the past month. To discuss these films individually as embodiments of definite creative ideas would be futile, for the only idea they try to embody is that of box-office appeal, and their success or failure in embodying it is accordingly the only important thing that distinguishes one from another. It might be profitable, however, to consider them in groups rather than singly, for this procedure at least promises a few interesting side-lights on the psychology of the American audience.

Here, for instance, is a group of films dealing with that most popular of all subjects, "love." As a general rule, of course, nearly every film has some sort of love story, but three of those I saw during the past fortnight—"Transgression" (Mayfair), "Men Call It Love" (Strand), and "Chances" (Hollywood)—had very little else. It is hardly necessary to add that they contributed little that was new to the lore on this subject. A conflict between a wife's loyalty to her husband and the temptations of a passionate Spanish admirer; a conflict between a wife's love for her unfaithful husband and the temptations of a polished and cynical admirer; a conflict between loyalty to one's pal and brother and love for the girl he also loves—such is the amount of originality in the stories of the three films mentioned. Having seen hundreds of similar films I am not surprised at that. What has always puzzled me is the mentality of the audience that accepts this sentimental "love" as readily as it does the most outspoken and lurid "sex." Is there any underlying unity between the two? Does not the extreme primitiveness of the emotional and intellectual content of this love reveal itself also in the ready acquiescence of the audience to sex *au naturel,* without the benefit of even a fig leaf? Ours is the age of naturalness, and boys and girls of today know more about birth control than their parents ever practiced. It is even possible to come across such scenes as I once encountered in an Automat of all places, where an angelic-looking young thing was listening reverently to a boy of twenty reading out passages from a book on sex and accompanying them with detailed comments on the mechanics of contraception. After all, if love is only that, one may just as well be frank about it.

It is facts like this that seem to link the sentimental with the brazenly sensual as springing from the identical mental state of intellectual and emotional primitivism. Not only is it true that the same public that wallows in cheap sentiment delights in watching the graceful May-poling around the thinly disguised phallic symbols of such a film as "The Smiling Lieutenant"; but one can go even a little farther and suggest that this public is only a step removed from the supposedly more intellectual readers of books that attempt to give information on "the right understanding and enjoyment of the sex act . . . exactly how it should be performed." The disarming naivete that characterizes the earnestness of their appeal signifies, it seems to me, the same simplicity and crudeness of feeling that underlie the sentimental love tosh of the films.

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Censorship in the Irish Free State

By R. M. FOX

WHEN the Free State censorship bill was under discussion, I advanced the opinion in *The Nation* of May 8, 1929, that it was likely to result in an obscurantist attack on literature and thought. Now with the experience of the last two years it is possible to see how far this opinion was justified.

In front of me is a list of sixty-five books banned since May, 1930. Of these from eighteen to twenty are concerned definitely with problems of sex and birth control. The books of Dr. Marie Stopes and Margaret Sanger are on this list as well as several others written with expert medical knowledge. The Minister for Justice stated definitely that he did not intend to allow this subject to be discussed in the Free State, and the spirit of that utterance still prevails. In practice, however, it means that since denunciation of birth control became the fashion in Ireland, the subject must have been very widely discussed by people who do not read books at all. That this development has not improved the moral tone of the country is evident from the exhortations by magistrates on the subject of infanticide, which crime has increased.

Space will not allow an examination of the list in detail, but it includes such writers as Bertrand Russell, Aldous Huxley, Norman Lindsay, Joseph Hergesheimer, Isadora Duncan, T. F. Powys, Llewelyn Powys, Somerset Maugham, John Dos Passos, Michael Gold, Sinclair Lewis ("Elmer Gantry"!), Sherwood Anderson, Rosita Forbes, Liam O'Flaherty, Sylvester Viereck, and Paul Eldridge. The two last are represented by "Salomé: The Wandering Jewess" and "My First Two Thousand Years." President Cosgrave, in reply to a strong American protest regarding these books, stated in a letter to Mr. Viereck:

> The board is composed of distinguished citizens of different faiths . . . You will agree that among peoples as among individuals standards differ and that it is the right of any people, without imputing other than their own, to decide through their established institutions what does and what does not conform to their standards. That is all the Censorship Board or the Minister for Justice presumes to do.

It should be noted that this reply is apologetic in tone. Mr. Cosgrave shifts the responsibility from the government to the people in general. He abandons the ground, often arrogantly maintained in Ireland, that the standard is one of immutable high morality and makes it that of fitting in with popular prejudices and "susceptibilities"—a dangerous standard for those who believe in intellectual progress. Taken in conjunction with the names on the list it certainly supports the view that ignorant prejudice is being upheld against men who are recognized as stimulating intellectual forces in the world.

Unfortunately, his contention that the censorship is supported by "distinguished citizens of different faiths" is true. How it came to be so reveals the peculiar dangers of basing a censorship on the prejudices of a people whose self-centered absorption in the national task has influenced different sections of the population in a curious fashion. In America we think of puritanism as taking the lead in any rigid censorship activities. Prohibition of books and liquor finds its natural stronghold in puritanical quarters. And in southern Ireland the Protestants have long regarded themselves as a virtuous minority which sets a rigidly correct example to their easier-going Catholic brethren. With the setting up of the Free State the Protestant minority had no longer such a favored position. Consequently this minority clings more doggedly to its idea of moral prestige. Whenever a cleric states that Catholics are determined not to allow the introduction of bad books or birth-control ideas and that Protestants who want these depravities must accept the ruling of the majority, there arises a horrified protest. Only those who have seen the "ascendancy" minority on their church parade and have noted their wintry superiority to the "natives" can appreciate the humor of the suggestion that they are clamoring for education in birth-control methods and access to bad books. These mentors and models for the Irish people rise in starchy and almost speechless wrath at the idea. So the special danger of the Irish situation is that the Protestant element, in their pride of status, may prove to be even more narrow than the clerical element. They can certainly be used to pull the clerical chestnuts out of the fire.

How far ignorant prejudice holds sway may be judged from typical happenings. Not long ago when Sean O'Casey's "Juno and the Paycock" was shown in a Galway cinema, a crowd of hooligans destroyed the film. No one has suggested that there is anything wrong with the moral tone of O'Casey's drama, and the action was strongly condemned in court. Although the film had been shown in Dublin previously without interference, there was immediately an imitative demonstration there. Another instance, by no means isolated, is that of three masked men who held up a bus containing English newspapers on St. Patrick's Day and burned the papers on the roadside, handing a note to the conductor telling him not to carry any more such papers as they were undoing the work of St. Patrick. Here we have the censorship of the gutter accompanying that of the board with lamentable results.

Turning from books to papers—which are also affected—we see how the decisions of the board work out in relation to them. It was announced, soon after the censorship came into force, that certain English Sunday journals which gave an undue prominence to forbidden subjects would be banned. But as a result of consultation with the board the ban was lifted from several of them and incidentally they secured a splendid free advertisement. Not long before, I had discussed news values with the editor of one of these journals. "Crime and passion are the only things that go," he remarked. "We've tried other things but it's no good." I was interested to notice that the ban was lifted from this journal. But the *New Leader,* a Labor journal which deals in a serious,

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thoughtful way with modern social problems, is still banned. The reason is that a proportion of its space has been used to discuss questions of sex. Recently I heard a member of the board, Mr. Joyce—a name not unknown to Irish literature—state publicly that papers can always make representations to the board if they feel they have a grievance. And, he added complacently, all the papers which have approached us have admitted that they were wrong! The purely sensational press, moved solely by cash convictions, is able therefore by admitting error and making slight adjustments to get by the censorship, taking care to flatter the vanity of the censors. But a responsible journal which deals seriously with modern thought and cannot admit its error in doing so is permanently barred. The *New Leader* case illustrates, what Shaw has often pointed out, that censorship never hits the worst offenders; worthless stuff slides by while honest thought is checked.

A case involving the machinery of censorship has recently been tried in the Free State courts. Complaint was made that books not censored have been retained along with banned books. Shaw's "John Bull's Other Island" was held up in this way. Counsel for the state argued that the act empowered customs authorities to do this and that even a Catholic prayer book might be kept if found in bad company. For the bookseller this is a serious matter; for a book may be banned after it is ordered (which has actually occurred) and a whole case of books confiscated or held up till they are no longer salable. The bookshop which brought the action lost its case and had to pay costs. Later the chairman of the Booksellers' Association sent for the bookseller. He said that it was a pity for these matters to come into court, and explained that the association would take all necessary action regarding books. The association had undertaken to facilitate the censorship and to keep out all "borderland" books that seemed likely to offend. This means that books in Ireland are subject to two censorships—official and unofficial. Certain authors, certain publishers are unofficially "discouraged."

An open censorship can be fought, but an atmosphere of censorship cannot be grappled with. This censorship atmosphere, which is not new to Ireland, has produced by reaction a tradition of Irish writers whose works figure on the censored lists of other lands. George Moore and James Joyce come immediately to mind, and a list could be given of younger Irish writers whose work bears traces of obsession with repressed and forbidden subjects. Writers and readers can usually look after themselves, but an atmosphere of censorship, limiting mental and moral growth, inclines the illiterate to an unhealthy preoccupation with what they are taught to regard as forbidden fruit.

The real problem of moral elevation in the Free State is how to get rid of rags, barefoot children, crowded tenements, high infant death-rates, insanitary and defective school accommodation, cabins like wild beasts' dens, so dark that the inhabitants cannot read anything. Men, women, girls, and boys are jammed in together, eating, sleeping, living in the same rooms. Is it suggested that there are facts of life or of sex that they can be informed about in books which they cannot observe?

Meanwhile the habit of censorship grows. Earnest men peer suspiciously at books, pitifully ignorant of the real purpose of literature in creating fuller, freer, and finer minds.

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